

HANDSOME HARRY

STORIES OF LAND AND SEA.

Issued Weekly—By Subscription \$2.50 per year. Entered as Second Class Matter at the N. Y. Post Office by Frank Tousey

No. 6.

NEW YORK, MARCH 3, 1899.

Price 5 Cents.

HANDSOME HARRY'S RETURN TO SPAIN; OR AGAIN WITH JUANITA. By AUTHOR OF "HANDSOME HARRY."



When he came back the don presented a most striking appearance. His dress was that of a hidalgo of the olden times. "I dare say you will wonder what this means," he said. "Harry did wonder and admitted it."

W. H. ALKIRE,
NOVELS
Bought, Sold & Exchanged,
OLD FILES A SPECIALTY.
SEND ME YOUR WANT LIST.
295 Laurel St.,
BRIDGE TON,
N. J.

HANDSOME HARRY

Stories of Land and Sea.

Issued Weekly--By Subscription \$2.50 per year. Entered as Second Class Matter at the New York, N. Y., Post-Office.
Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1899, in the office of the Librarian of Congress,
Washington, D. C., by Frank Tousey, 29 West 26th Street, New York.

No. 6.

NEW YORK, March 3, 1899.

Price 5 Cents.

HANDSOME HARRY'S RETURN TO SPAIN;

OR,

Again With Juanita.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HANDSOME HARRY."

CHAPTER I.

A DUEL.

After the blowing up of the Spaniard, Harry resolved to return to Don Salvo. He had once more lost all clue of the man he sought, and the only chance of recovering it seemed to lay with the don and his agents. So back they went, and reached Fortalaga without any very great excitement. Once a British cruiser hove in sight, but the Belvedere speedily outpaced her and got away. It was not our hero's policy to fight without a purpose, and a struggle with a cruiser could only end in a useless expenditure of powder and life.

Don Salvo was glad to see the Belvedere again, for it had been so long away that he had given it up for lost; and Juanita was delighted to see her lover. The meeting took place on shore, and it being a very calm day the don expressed himself willing to spend a few hours afloat.

"I will send a man to get luncheon ready," said Harry, "and if you have no objection I shall be glad to have Tom and another officer of mine at the table."

"Who is he?" asked Don Salvo.

"One Ira Staines by name. An American."

"Staines—Staines," muttered the don. "I ought to know that name. It seems familiar to me."

"I don't think you have ever met," said Harry.

"Perhaps not—perhaps not," returned the don, "but I seem to know that name. I will go to dress, and leave you together for a while."

He was absent for about an hour, which was spent by the lovers in the usual exchange of thought and tender dallyings.

When he came back the don presented a most striking appearance.

His dress was that of a hidalgo of the olden time, and by his side hung a sword of a terrible length, and his hat was cocked most fiercely over his left eye.

"I dare say you will wonder what this means," he said.

Harry did wonder, and admitted it.

"There is a fellow on board the Belvedere," said the don—"a Chinaman, with whom I have an account to settle."

"Ching-Ching, I suppose?" remarked Harry.

"I believe that is the fellow's name," said the don. "He has insulted me, and an insulted Salvo never forgives."

"Perhaps he did not mean it," suggested Harry.

"Oh, the insult was too pointed," said the don. "He compared me to a mummy, and to—to a frizzled cat, I think."

"Strange," rejoined Harry. "Ching-Ching is usually so polite."

"Yes—curse him!—he began with politeness and ended with abuse."

Harry did not doubt but that Ching-Ching would be a match for his foe, and

therefore said nothing more. They sallied out, and upon the verge of the threshold met with two Spanish ladies, whom Juanita saluted respectively as Inez and Ximena.

They had come to pay a morning visit, and on being introduced to Harry, he invited them to the Belvedere. They accepted this invitation, and sent back a servant who had followed them to acquaint their friends where they were gone.

These fair women were sisters, and Harry thought that, with the exception of Juanita, they were the loveliest creatures he had ever seen. They had such eyes, such lips, such teeth, and such rich nut-brown complexions, that the general effect was quite dazzling.

The whole party embarked, and those on board the Belvedere saw them coming. Samson was the first to espy them, and he drew the attention of Ching-Ching to the party.

"Mr. Chingy," he said, "you berrer bolt."

"Wurra for?" asked Ching-Ching, innocently.

"Oh! come, Chingy," said Samson, "dat cle Spanish genlyman tell you wurra for. He not forget dat night."

Ching-Ching smiled and turned one of his legs about like a corkscrew.

"Wait till he come," he said, "and you see him forget."

The boat came up, and Bill Grunt helped the ladies up the gangway. Harry handed them downstairs into the cabin, but the don remained behind to have it out with Ching-Ching.

The latter-named gentleman seemed to be entirely unconscious of having done anything to arouse the wrath of the other, and came forward with his face wreathed in smiles.

"How de do, sar?" he said. "Berry glad to see you agen, sar."

"You—you villain!" gasped the don, shaking his fist at him; "you—you fawning, lying, pernicious villain!"

"Me, sar! Oh, sar," exclaimed Ching-Ching, "what make you in such a berry bad passion and spoil your handsome face?"

"Don't come with any of your base flattery to me!" exclaimed the don.

"Base flatten!" said Ching-Ching, looking

bewildered; "oh, sar, it no flatten to say dat you am handsome. Eberybody knows you am."

"Did you not grossly insult me after you had partaken of my hospitality the last time you were here?" asked the don.

"Me not 'member," said Ching-Ching, reflectively. "Did me say sumfin rude, Sammy?"

"Yes, sar, sumfin dat wasn't quite perlite," said Samson.

"Before or after dinner?" asked Ching-Ching, cunningly.

"After dinner—Chingy."

"Den de trufe pretty plain," said Ching-Ching, sorrowfully; "dis poor head ob mine not used to wine, and dis handsome genlyman's wine so berry good, and den so much ob it—for he am de most generous genlyman dat eber live, Sammy—dat it get into my head, and I not know what I say. I berry, berry sorry," and the tears of repentance fell fast from his eyes.

"If I thought——" began the don, hesitating.

"Oh, sar, to tink dat I could be rude to you," continued Ching-Ching; "such a berry handsome genlyman in ebery way. I nebber forgib myself. Here, Sammy, I make you a present ob my rumrella and fan, and I drown myself."

"Stop," said the don, as Ching-Ching made a rush to the side. "I have misjudged you. Drink certainly alters a man."

"Say dat you forgib me," said Ching-Ching, leaping upon the bulwarks; "say de word quick, for I can't bear de remorse no longer."

"I forgive you," said the don, taken in completely, "and hope you will partake of my hospitality again."

"Oh! tank you, handsome genlyman," said Ching-Ching, wriggling up, and seizing the don's hand he made it unpleasantly wet with his tears.

Peace was made, and the don departed to his luncheon. As he disappeared down the stairs, Ching-Ching made a violent demonstration with a white pocket handkerchief, and wiped his nose.

"Whar you get dat?" asked Samson.

"I found him—in de don's pocket," replied Ching-Ching.

Terrible depravity! While yet he wept upon the don's hand he picked his pocket. What will be the end of wicked Ching-Ching?

A merry party below. Youth and beauty know how to kill the time, and the minutes were speedily passed by with many a mirthful jest. Glances full of meaning were exchanged, and Tom and Ira felt that they were getting into the same boat where Harry had been for two good years.

"Fancy me in love!" muttered Ira, as a glance from Ximena sent his heart off at double pace; "a man without a heart, in love." And then he looked back, and the thing was settled.

Tom and Inez flirted more like very old hands, exchanging those unmeaning looks and sentences which give pleasure at the time and leave no sting behind—but neither for a moment thought of serious business.

The younger part of the company being so fully engaged, the don was left alone with the eatables. There was no flirting or trifling with him, but real earnest work, or what might properly have been called "downright slaughter." It was a problem how so small a man could stow so much away, but thin men are, as a rule, your grosser feeders.

The luncheon was just over when another boat was seen to leave the shore and make for the Belvedere. As it approached Ching-Ching saw that it contained four men, two rowers and two Spaniards seated in the stern.

They steered close up and mounted on deck with the haughty air so much affected by the Spanish race. One was smoking a cigarette, which he flicked defiantly and smoked insultingly. Bill Grunt advanced to speak to them, but Ching-Ching was before him.

"How am you, genlymen?" he asked. "Berry fine day."

The foremost frowned haughtily and made a motion for Ching-Ching to stand aside. He might as well have asked St. Paul's to turn upside down.

"What you want, genlymen?" he asked,

barring the way to the cabin, toward which they were moving.

"Your officer—your capitano," replied the Spaniard.

"He berry much engaged," said Ching-Ching, "wif company."

"I must see him at once!" haughtily cried the stranger.

"'Fraid you can't do dat. Sammy!"

Samson was below, on the lookout for a stray dish or so, for the benefit of himself and Ching-Ching. He answered, and came up with a pie in his hand.

"Wurra de matter?"

"Genlymen want to see Massa Harry. Can't see him, can dey, Sammy?"

"No," he said; "Massa Harry to much engage."

"In the position he had taken up he barred the way. The Spaniards seemed disposed to have a kick at him, but they looked at his brawny shoulders and thought better of it.

"Perhaps you will take a message?" asked one.

The murmuring of voices below cut short the answer, and Samson, drawing aside, made room for the luncheon party, which now came up.

The don came foremost, Harry and Juanita next, Tom and Inez after, and finally Ira and Ximena.

The Spaniards stepped back, and were not noticed until the foremost man advanced and faced Ira, frowning. Ximena clung to his arm, shrinking.

"Let go that lady!" hissed the Spaniard.

The eyes of all were turned upon him, and Don Salvo, recovering from a deep surprise, undertook to reply.

"Senor Sebastian," he said, "you forget yourself."

"Ximena has forgotten herself," replied Senor Sebastian, his swarthy face almost white with fury. "What is she doing here?"

"I reckon," said Ira, coolly, "that she has been having luncheon with us. What then, strangers?"

"She is affianced to me," said Senor Sebastian.

"Not yet," replied Ximena, looking at him with flashing eyes; "you have sought my

hand, but I have not up to the present accepted you."

"Is it not understood by all our friends that you are to be mine—say, is it not so, Ximena?"

"What they may understand I care not," returned Ximena, indifferently; "but to prevent error, and such scenes as these in the future, take my answer. I reject you!"

The jealous fury of a dozen men blazed in the eyes of Sebastian, and his breath came short and thick, like one who is choking.

"Is it him you love?" he cried, pointing at Ira.

"What matters," replied Ximena. "since I love not you?"

"Beware!" hissed Sebastian, advancing threateningly.

"No unmanly humbug here," said Ira, pushing him back. "In my country we don't generally threaten women."

Sebastian struck him in the face, and the next moment measured his length upon the deck. The other Spaniard drew a stiletto, and Tom knocked him down beside his friend.

It was plain to all what must follow now. Even the ladies understood it, and instead of squealing and bellowing, as women in a colder climate would have done, quietly withdrew.

"Whether you stand or fall," whispered Ximena to Ira, "I shall love you always."

He stooped and kissed her quietly, and handed her into the boat. A few words were exchanged between Inez and Tom, but what they were nobody could catch. Juanita whispered to Harry:

"Do not involve yourself in this quarrel."

"My friends can settle it without my assistance," said Harry; and the boat pushed off.

When the men were left to themselves, Harry went to the Spaniard and said:

"What place of meeting will suit you?"

"Yonder point," replied the Spaniard, and extending his hand toward a cape about ten miles south.

"And the hour?"

"Sunrise."

"Good," said Harry; "we will be there. I shall be able to officiate for both of my

friends; so it will be better if you bring but one with you. Matters will be simplified."

The Spaniards bowed and left the Belvedere, and as the boatmen pulled them away, Harry could read their malignant passion in their backs alone.

CHAPTER II.

IN THE COLD GRAY MORNING.

Not one of those concerned in the coming duel uttered a word to the others on board, but the fact of a fight being imminent was no secret—the little scuffle, the whispered words, and the after conference, enlightened everybody as to what was going on. The only thing that they were ignorant of was the place and time of meeting.

Ching-Ching made a guess as to the spot, judging by the action of Senor Sebastian, when he pointed to the promontory, and after a little arguing and reasoning with Samson, he came to the conclusion that the meeting would take place early in the morning.

"So we will be dere, Sammy, just to see fair play."

"Dat so, Chingy."

And accordingly, shortly after midnight, they both slipped into the water and swam ashore. Arriving there, they ran up and down for a while, which benefited them in two ways, as it warmed their bodies and dried their clothes.

Striking out of the town, and keeping the sea as much as possible in view, they arrived at the promontory just before dawn, and took a look at the spot. There was some light to guide them, and they could see heaps of rugged rocks piled up and great masses lying about singly, and toward the centre a tolerably formed circle.

"Dat de regular fighting place," said Ching-Ching, decidedly.

This much settled, they looked about for a hiding-place, and found one near the edge of the cliff, between two great stones which leaned upon each other, like two sentries under the influence of drink. Fearing that

they might be seen, they took up their quarters forthwith.

The position they held had a double advantage, for they could see anything or anybody approaching both from sea or land. Dividing the work, Ching-Ching put Samson upon the Belvedere and took the land to himself.

"Boat lowering," said Samson.

"Somebody comin' up the road," said Ching-Ching. "One—two—three—four—five— Hush, Sammy! What all dis mean?"

There were at least twenty men coming up the hill, not in an open manly way, but skulking from rock to rock. Behind them were three figures walking boldly.

The dawn was at hand, and objects could be pretty clearly seen. Ching-Ching had keen wits, and he needed no help to understand what was going forward.

Treachery was intended.

The three rearmost figures were the Spaniards and their seconds. They could walk boldly enough, but the skulkers in front were the employees for some dirty work in hand.

They were too many for Harry and such friends as he could muster to cope with, and before any aid could arrive they would all be slaughtered. To signal to Harry would be in vain, as he could neither see who was signaling nor understand what it meant.

As for going to meet him, that was quite out of the question, for as soon as they showed their noses both Samson and Ching-Ching would be slaughtered.

What was to be done?

There was the boat from the Belvedere nearing the shore, and there were hidden the men in ambush. In half an hour at the outside Harry would be upon the ground, and what would follow was too apparent.

"What shall we do?" whispered Samson.

"Here, take dese," said Ching-Ching, handing over his pistols and cutlass. The former, by the bye, were useless, owing to their having traveled through water, but the butts might come in handy at close quarters. "I am going."

An idea, amounting to an inspiration, had struck him.

"Going?" said Samson. "Whar to?"

Ching-Ching pointed over the cliff, and Samson opened his eyes wide, and shuddered.

"Kill yourself," he whispered.

"Not if I can help it," said Ching-Ching; "I berry good climber—hold tight wif hands and feet."

He said no more, for there was no time to lose, but creeping to the edge, slipped quietly over. Samson crawled to look down, and beheld what looked like a wall, nearly a thousand feet in height.

Ching-Ching was spread-eagled to it, and looked very much like a bird nailed to a barn door.

"He nebber get down dere," thought Samson, and cold with horror he crept back to his post.

The men who had taken up their positions in the ambush were all on the other side, and when Don Sebastian and his friend arrived they took up a situation near Samson. It was their intention to post Ira and Tom with their backs to the hidden foe.

"In time?" said Senor Sebastian in Spanish, which Samson perfectly understood.

"Yes," replied the other.

Their friend, a Spaniard too, laughed, and puffed some smoke from a cigarette.

"These English," he said, "will applaud your courage and your extra punctuality, until—they find you out."

"Were it a common foe," said Senor Sebastian, angrily—"you, for instance—I would have met him alone, but you know the men with whom we have quarreled. Have I not a cousin at Santa Chardo—one of the few who escaped their swords on that awful night—who says that they are more than men? If you think that we lack courage, undertake to meet the third man, and send the ambush away."

The man addressed rolled a fresh cigarette, lighted it, and answered coolly:

"I have not quarreled with these men, why then should I fight? You bring me here to witness your prowess, and why do you expect me to exhibit that which I do not profess?"

The others did not answer him, but sul-

lenly turned around and looked in the direction of Handsome Harry and his friends, who were now at the foot of the hill.

The sun was just peeping above the horizon, and all things were made clear.

Samson glanced hastily at the beach, which he could just see below the cliff.

No signs of Ching-Ching.

"He nebber get to de ship," murmured Samson; "and if he do, he be too late."

He thought of making a grand rush to meet his master, but the enemy was too thickly posted around him—the road being thus effectually barred.

The whole of the sun stood above the sea, and the world was wrapped in a mantle of gold. Nearer and nearer came Handsome Harry.

Another glance below, and no signs of Ching-Ching.

"Massa Harry must not come up here," thought Samson, tightening his belt, but the winding road now hid him from view, and Samson was more helpless than ever.

The men in ambush lay still as the dead. The Spaniards, silent and sullen one with another, smoked their cigarettes. The sound of a heavy fall from the cliff fell upon Samson's ear.

"Poor Ching-Ching gone," muttered Samson, and a cold feeling gathered around his breast. Truly he loved that most heathen Chinese.

"Above, there!"

It was Harry's voice, and his form rose above the hill. Ira and Tom followed, smoking like their opponents. It was earlier than they usually indulged in the narcotic weed, but it was just as well to meet bravado with nonchalance.

"Good morning, gentlemen," cried Harry, raising his cap.

The Spaniards bowed, and he who played the part of second advanced.

"I act for Senor Sebastian and his friend," he said.

"And I for Tom True and Ira Staines," replied Harry.

"Have you any choice of position?"

"No."

"Of weapons, then?"

"No," said Harry pleasantly; "I have no particular choice. All weapons are much the same to me."

This admission did not fall upon the ears of the listeners pleasantly. for it promised them that they had very tough customers to deal with. The Spanish second gave a low whistle.

"What is the meaning of that?" asked Harry, looking quickly about him. "Hark you, if treachery is meant, look to it."

"Treachery?" said Don Sebastian. "Do you think——"

"I am loath to think that any man can be treacherous," interposed Harry, "but I have had some experience with your countrymen of late. What was the meaning of that whistle?"

"I but whistled without a thought," said the Spaniard.

"Massa Tom," cried Samson, coming out from his shelter, "dat a berry big lie."

"Ha! what is this?" cried one of the Spaniards.

"You here, Samson?" said Harry, sternly. "What is the meaning of it?"

"I tell you, Massa Harry, presently," replied Samson. "But come ober here. You too, Massa Tom and Massa Staines."

They came to his side, and Samson, turning to the Spaniards, said:

"Ax dem men dat am skulking dere to come out."

They saw that all was known, and threw off the mask.

"Death to the accursed English!" they cried.

The men sprang out from ambush, and showed themselves to be a band of desperadoes of the class of villains at all times ready to cut a man's throat for half a crown, provided it could be done with safety.

Numbers gave them confidence now, and they rushed forward, yelling like demons.

For the first time Harry realized the true peril of his position. Before him were a strong and remorseless foe; behind him the cliff. To escape he must cut his way out through the Spaniards. No easy task, as their numbers quite blocked up the narrow road.

CHAPTER III. 60

NO SURRENDER.

"Stand fast here," cried Harry, planting his back against a rock, "and keep your powder to the last."

Ira, Tom and Samson ranged themselves in a row, each with a drawn cutlass. The Spaniards, who seemed to possess no firearms, having probably relied upon quietly assassinating our friends from behind, advanced slowly with knives and swords.

The leading Spaniard, Don Sebastian, and the other two made a pretense of leading on the rest, but they managed only to shift a few others in front, and then they became exceedingly bold.

"Down with the dogs! Cut them down!" they cried.

"Why not do it yourselves, brave senors?" said Harry, smiling. "You are precious curs to come so far to fight."

A rush was now made upon the little band, and for a moment it seemed as if sheer numbers would carry the day; but the death of one, and the shrieks of three others who fell back wounded, checked the onset, and those in front cut and parried with extreme caution.

Samson managed to get one glimpse of the beach and the sea. No signs of Ching-Ching, and all quiet about the Belvedere.

"Dat poor Ching-Ching also fell dere," he said to himself, but he spoke so loud that Harry overheard him.

"What's that about Ching-Ching?" he added, as he parried a thrust from a sword, and sent back a ruffian howling.

"He come wif me, Massa Harry."

"Of course he did."

"And, Massa Harry, he see de ambush, and slide down de clift to go for help."

"A needless sacrifice of a valuable life," said Harry. "In spite of his tricks, one could not help liking him. You are bleeding, Tom."

"A mere scratch from a man who crawled up. Take that, you beggar."

Swords and stiletos flashed in the sunlight, and dark, swarthy faces scowled upon them.

All quiet near the Belvedere.

Senor Sebastian was now near to Ira Staines, and our American friend promptly turned his attention toward him. Rushing forward with an impetuosity which drove everything before it, he clove him to the chin.

The fall of Sebastian caused many to quail, but the confidence arising from numbers led them to continue the attack with redoubled vigor, and the fate of the gallant four seemed to be determined.

All were bleeding from wounds of more or less severity, and patches of blood stained the earth around them. The fiendish cries of their assailants increased in intensity, and must have reached the town itself.

Samson looked once again at the Belvedere, and seeing no signs of life, gave up all hope.

"Dey are all asleep," he muttered; "we are too far away."

"Surrender, you English dogs!" cried one of the Spaniards.

"Hurrah for the Belvedere!" shouted Harry; and the man who had called upon him to yield rolled upon the ground a corpse.

Still the peril grew greater, and the numbers pressed nearer. All the members of the resolute little band were growing faint, and unless timely aid came they were lost. The swords flashed a little dimly, for they were dyed with blood, their arms moved less swiftly, for they were getting weak and faint.

The Spaniards and bravoos saw that their time was at hand, and yelled with fierce glee. Harry's face grew gloomy as he thought of his friends.

"Why did I trust these dogs?" he muttered, "having once experienced their treachery. Poor fellows."

The last expression referred to Ira, Tom and Samson, the three men he loved best on earth, gallant followers and true.

The resistance grew fainter, and the foe, growing more confident, pressed nearer. Even Harry's sword became a little uncertain in its movements.

"Fight to the last!" he gasped, as his head swam round; and then he staggered forward and fell. He had not yet regained his for-

mer strength, and this struggle had proved too much for him.

The foe thought they had an easy prey, but Samson stood over his prostrate leader, and, with one mighty sweep of his cutlass, settled two of the foremost, and Tom and Ira, both nearly exhausted, took up a position on either side.

Their hands now grasped the weapon with uncertainty, and the figures before Tom's eyes became strangely confused and mingled. He knew that he was going the same way as his leader, from exhaustion and loss of blood.

"Heaven help us all!" he faintly cried, then staggered back and rolled against the rock.

Ira, with one last effort, got between him and the raging foe, but his sword had lost its power, and he had given up his life in thought, when a familiar voice burst upon his ear:

"Dis way, genlymen ob de Belvedere! Gib dem all chop-sticks an' rice!"

It was Ching-Ching, with about thirty men of the Belvedere, who came tearing up the narrow road. The Spaniards uttered yells of terror, but they could not flee. They must either allow themselves to be driven over the precipice, or yield themselves prisoners.

They chose the latter, and throwing down their arms, groveled in the dust in token of their submission.

"Secure their weapons!" cried Ira, faintly.

The sailors gathered them up, and Ching-Ching took upon himself to give further instructions:

"And jest put dem men in a row near de precipice," he said, "so dat dey can be top-pled ober if dey show any tricks."

The Spaniards accordingly were driven over, and in a state of mind impossible to describe took up the position desired. They understood English, especially Ching-Ching's English, but imperfectly, and were in doubt as to the ultimate intentions of that gentleman.

The first care of Ira and Samson was to restore the others, but neither of them had anything with them. Again Ching-Ching came to the rescue with a flask.

"I hab a lilly whiskey here," he said, "jist a lilly drop."

Ira Staines took the flask with a curious expression of face, but he said nothing. A little brought both Harry and Tom round, who seemed to be much astonished at finding themselves alive.

"Ching-Ching saved us," said Ira.

Harry held out his hand and Ching-Ching grasped it. He felt and appreciated the friendly action.

"Dear ole Chingy," said Samson, giving him a smack on the back that sent him staggering forward about a dozen paces.

"T'ank you, Sammy," he said, as soon as he recovered himself; "you berry good fellow, but blow your fist."

The next question was how to dispose of the prisoners, and on Ching-Ching's asking permission to deal with them, they were handed over to him.

He stripped off their sashes and twisted them into a rope, then tied them on to the other by the ankle in Indian file, and putting a piece of rope round the neck of the foremost led them down the hill—the others bringing up the rear, highly tickled with the appearance the angry but cowed Spaniards presented.

The inhabitants had just arisen when they came in, and the spectacle of a Chinese leading a score or so of their countrymen in humiliating procession brought a crowd around. But they offered no violence, in consequence of the presence of the English tars.

"Diablo!" cried one; "what is this?"

"We all goin' to a tea-party," replied Ching-Ching, cheerfully, "and dere are a few left behind on de hill. But you better send a cart for dem, as dey can't walk."

The story was half understood by the spectators, for the blood-stained faces and garments of many told them much. Harry, however, did not relieve their curiosity, but went straight to the house of Don Salvo, who was a judge and mighty potentate in the land.

A few words told all to the don and the ladies, who had been up since sunrise, and loud were the expressions of indignation from the fair sex.

The don said little, but he ordered a guard out, and sent the batch of villains to prison.

"I should like the trial to come off as soon as possible," said Harry, "so that I lose no time."

"A trial!" said the don, with a laugh; "my good fellow, they will have no trial. I shall send the whole batch into the interior and sell them to the planters."

"But they are white. Can that be done?"

"Who is to stop it?" asked the don. "Who knows anything about what is done in the heart of this country? Look at the map there; see those great blotches? They are woods and plains of which you know as much as any man. Now, no demurring; the fellows will take their fate kindly, seeing that it is that or death."

"So be it," said Harry.

"And now, as you are worn out, let us have breakfast."

Harry and his friends only delayed to perform certain necessary ablutions, and then came to the table. The sailors were despatched to the kitchen, and Samson and Ching-Ching, on the strength of the services they had performed, were invited to join the upper party.

Samson was a little diffident in the presence of so much beauty. Not so Ching-Ching. He took his seat with the affable ease and grace of one born and reared in refined society.

"It berry nice," he said, looking round, "to meet old friends again."

"What old friends?" asked Don Salvo, who had not quite digested the insults he received from our friend on a previous occasion.

"De lubly ladies and genlymen around—especially you, sar," replied Ching-Ching. "It make me tink ob my boyish days. Ah, dem was happy times—afore de rebolution."

The ladies looked a little curious, and Juanita incautiously asked him what revolution he alluded to.

"Dat," said Ching-Ching, putting an entire egg into his mouth, like a plum, and giving it one bite only prior to swallowing it, "I shall hab much pleasure in telling you, handsome lady."

CHAPTER IV.

THE REVOLUTION OF PAWKY PING.

"I daresay dat ebery lady and genlyman here," began Ching-Ching, with a general smile, "know dat Pawky Ping upset de t'rone ob my farder; but if nobody else is aware ob it, Samson know all about it, and am ready to swar to what I say."

Samson, who had been quietly disposing of a fowl about the size of a young turkey, looked up on finding himself thus pointedly alluded to, and positively blushed as the ladies bent their eyes upon him.

"Me swar, Chingy," he said; "oh, yes, me swar if it am de trufe."

"Which you know de trufe I speak," returned Ching-Ching, in accents of reproach. He paused a moment, took another egg, and, blinded by emotion, drank up his own cup of chocolate and that belonging to Don Salvo. Then he resumed:

"My farder," he said, "was de greatest remperor dat eber rule China. He wore two pigtail; had sixteen hundred wives, and a few other ladies, and neber did not'ing but sit on a sackful ob gold and eat rice. My moder was him favorite wife, and I am de only chile dat he take any notice ob out ob two t'ousand seven hundred and sixteen dat he brought into daylight."

"How many?" asked Don Salvo.

"Four t'ousand eleven hundred and ninety-two," replied Ching-Ching, getting a little confused. "Dat 'bout de number, but I do not stand out for two or t'ree. But neber mind de lilly ones; my story 'bout de rebolution."

"P'r'aps you had better stick to that," said Ira.

"Missa Staines," returned Ching-Ching, "you neber will believe, and I tink dat you must hab been brought up in very untrufe-ful country."

"Go on," said Ira, waiving the question.

"Pawky Ping was de prime minister ob de country," continued Ching-Ching; "berry big, berry proud, berry fat and berry spiteful; and de way he use to knock at de people's door when he collect de taxes, use to make

de people berry savage; and when dey complain, he say: 'Don't talk to me; it all de command ob Ching-Ching's father.'"

"But a prime minister collecting taxes," said Don Salvo, looking puzzled; "I don't understand it."

"He is so berry suspicious," said Ching-Ching, "dat he trust nobody, and so armed himself wif a large money-box on big cart, guarded by two hundred mandarins. Sam-my know dat cart well."

Fortunately, Samson had his mouth full, or he would, in all conscience, have put in a denial here. Ching-Ching only paused long enough for decency, and went on:

"De prime minister berry stravagant, and spend lot ob money; my farder spend a little too, and atween dem dey put on more taxes. Pawky Ping den go out to colleck, but de people, habing suffered too much, was ready for him. He hammered at one door, and out come de proprietor and hammer him—on de nose, and down he go. De mandarins in charge ob de money-box all larf, and Pawky Ping see dat de rebellion berry widespread but he not gib in. He try de nex' door, and de man dat lib dere come out and fetch him in de eye. Den he recognize de fac' dat de rebellion general, and he go home to my farder."

"China must be an extraordinary place," said Don Salvo, not knowing whatever to make of the story, and of the immovable faces of Harry, Tom, and Ira.

"Bery," replied Ching-Ching. "Samson say so, too, when he fust sees it."

"But me neber——" Samson began.

"Now Pawky King," hastily continued Ching-Ching, "not tell my farder de trufe, but he say, 'De people say dat dey not pay de tax to me, but to de remperor; dey want to see you.' So my farder, who was so good and trufeful dat he neber tink ob ebil, take my moder on his arm and me by de hand, and go out to colleck de tax."

"De sun was shining brightly," said Ching-Ching, in a tone of deep pathos; "de birds were singing, lots ob people was flying kites, and all de lilly children were playing games in and out ob de empty tea-chests, when my farder, my moder and myself lef' de palace, little tinkin dat de clouds ob wenom would soon moder us."

and dat we had lef' dat palace behind for-
eber. De people treated us wid ebery possible respec', 'cept one dustman, who banged de basket against my farder's head and made him choke, and a lilly boy who went on wit de game ob hop-scotch until my moder fell ober him."

"The games of China seem to be somewhat similar to those of England," said Tom.

"Bery much de same," said Ching-Ching, "only berrer. At last my farder began to colleck de tax at de shop ob a man who sold griddle-irons, tin saspan and oder tings. My farder go in and leab moder and me on de doorstep. We was dere about two minutes when we hear most frightful bobbery, and my farder come flyin' out covered wif griddle-irons an' toastin'-forks, and de iron mongrel follerin' wif his hands full ob nails. 'Dis am a rebellion,' says my moder; 'let us clear out, Chingy.' So we run up de street and got on to anoder doorstep, where we see de 'ole fight—and bery terrible it was."

CHAPTER V. *62*

NEWS, AND A FRESH VOYAGE.

Ching-Ching paused, overcome with the memories of the past, and during a brief fit of melancholy abstraction swallowed two more eggs and made himself another cup of chocolate.

"Pawky Ping," he said in continuation, "come up at dat moment and cry, 'No taxes! down wif de remperor.' All de people shout, 'No taxes! down wif de remperor!' and pounce in a lump on my farder; de baker, de butcher, and ebery man hab a cut at him, and was surprisin' to see de mount of rubbish which de lilly children found lyin' about 'It is not safe to stop here,' say my moder, and we run off. De last ting dat I see ob my farder was dat he got a tea-chest ober his head, and two men on his back, hammerin' at it."

"And how long did you stay in the country after that?" asked Tom.

"We lef' at once," replied Ching-Ching.

"And what became of your father?"

"De last time dat I hear ob him," replied Ching-Ching, "he was in de merry tropolis ob England, standing at de door ob a grocer who was de sole agent for de only rare and ripe family tea—givin' away bills."

"It certainly is a most extraordinary story," said Don Salvo, who never made a joke in his life, and never by any chance saw through one; "were you ever in England?"

"Me been 'bout bery much," replied Ching-Ching, "but me not 'member if me been in England."

The story was done, and the breakfast being over, the company arose to go into the grounds. Ching-Ching was the last to leave, and the servants who came in to clear the table found two plates, four forks, a toast-rack and all the egg-cups missing.

They knew not what to make of it, and feared to tell the don, who was always in a fury if aught in the domestic line went wrong, so they said nothing. As soon as they reached the grounds, Ira drew Ching-Ching aside.

"Now, friend," he said, "I want my flask."

"Your flask, Missa Staines?" said Ching-Ching, vacantly.

"Yes, you know. Come, hand over."

"Oh, I 'member now," said Ching-Ching. "Me found it."

"Found it!" exclaimed Ira. "Where?"

Ching-Ching paused a moment, and then truth prevailed.

"In your coat pocket, Missa Staines," he said.

"I thought so," said Ira. "Halloa, what have you got there?"

Ching-Ching was rummaging up his back for the flask, and while doing so produced a rattling sound.

"I lilly private property, lef' me by—by my grandmoder," replied Ching-Ching.

"Come behind this tree and let me look at it."

The pair retired, and Ching-Ching produced his plunder from the breakfast table.

"I thought so," said Ira. "Put them in a heap by the tree."

"Yes, Missa Staines"

"And come away"

"Yes, Missa Staines."

So the egg cups and other property were

left by the tree, and there after the company had left the wondering servants found them.

It was night, and Don Salvo sat in his private room, where seldom mortal being but himself entered. None of the domestics ever set their eyes upon it, for the don brushed and dusted it himself, when the dust and dirt lay so thick about that he could not move without fear of being stifled. Even Juanita had seen it but once, and that was when she was a little child.

Even then she had gained entrance by stratagem led by her curiosity, for that chamber had as keen an interest to her childhood as Bluebeard's chamber had to his wife in ripe years, and she watched and watched in a hidden corner until her father, unsuspecting her presence, unlocked the door. Then, as he entered, she rushed in, laughing with childish glee.

But he responded with a frown and thrust her forth. The little she saw did not impress her much—some old armor, a rusty grate, piles of papers, and nothing more, and they in time became blurred and indistinct; so she often thought that she had only ventured there in fancy.

Sacred as this place was, it had now another occupant in the person of Handsome Harry, who sat in a moth-eaten chair by the grate, in which burned a low fire—just enough to keep a small kettle boiling. The room itself had nothing peculiar to speak about, except the dirt and vast piles of books and paper scattered about in every direction. A few pieces of old armor were lumbered about, a picture or two on the walls, a little furniture, old and dingy, and that was all.

"You have now been here two months," said Don Salvo. "and have grown tired of it."

"Not of your hospitality, or of Juanita," replied Harry, "but I can never rest until I have performed my task."

"It is well that you should carry it out," said Don Salvo, fiercely. "If I had been—younger—but there—why do I talk?"

"Aye, why," said Harry, "since you make it a matter of pounds, shillings and pence?"

"I?"

"Yes, you, Don Salvo. But yesterday

you were talking of the cost of the Belvedere."

"I was speaking of the waste of her lying here in idleness."

"Yes, Don Salvo, and you hinted that I might do a little cash business while we wait for news. What do you take me for? Do you think that I would turn pirate or smuggler?"

"Better men than you have done so."

"Better in what way?" asked Harry.

"In birth," replied the don.

"What know you of my birth?" said Harry. "For all your prying and seeking, what have you gained?"

"Who and what are you?"

"That is my business and will never be revealed, except under certain conditions, unless I die, and perhaps not then."

"What are the conditions?"

"That is my affair, Don Salvo!"

"I cannot allow Juanita to wed a nameless man."

"She will wed no other man but me," replied Harry, calmly; "so talk no more nonsense. May I smoke here?"

"You may do what you please," replied Don Salvo, a little sullenly.

"The understanding between us," said Harry, puffing away at a cigar, "was that you were to take me without a name and to find certain funds, until my vengeance was accomplished. That done, I was either to pay you back or reveal my birth and name."

"You have given the name of Marsh to some."

"As useful as any other for the time," replied our hero, coolly; "but it is not the one I am entitled to."

"I hate a man with a secret," said the don, angrily.

"How you must loathe yourself," returned Harry, glancing round the room; "how many have you? Has all in your life been open and above board? May I look through these papers? Will you tell me the story of your life, and let me know how it is that you, who came to this land a beggar thirty years ago, are now one of the richest and most influential?"

Don Salvo was met with his own weapons and foiled. "As you please," he said; "keep your secrets, and I will keep mine."

"Now you speak reasonably," said Harry. "What noise is that?"

The sound which drew his attention was like the click of a pistol and seemed to come from the furthest corner of the room.

"Messengers await me below," said the don. "Remain here a while. I will return with all speed."

He was absent barely a minute, and brought back with him a bundle of letters.

"Messages from all parts," he said, "brought by the Albatross. What is this? Cargo fetched seventy thousand dollars? Not bad, but might be better. The Terrible gone down, with all hands. Well, I am fully insured."

"But the men," said Harry; "the men."

"They went to sea knowing their risk," replied the don, coolly; "they staked their lives upon the game and lost."

"Cool," said Harry, and returned again to his cigar.

"Here is something that will interest you," said Don Salvo, opening a letter larger than the rest. "Hum, hum—cargo better than usual—great sensation. What is this? Great sensation in London society over an Indian prince, the Rajah Malap Dey, who is no other man—what is this? listen here—who is no other man than your enemy, Captain Brocken, with his skin dyed."

"What's that?" said Harry, springing up. "This is a trusty agent," said Don Salvo, hastily, "and a man not likely to be mistaken. Brocken is in England."

"Then I must be there at once."

"But how?"

"Get me a license as a cruiser for this State," said Harry. "You can do it, and if that cannot be done, send me with a cargo to England. A cargo of anything any good to anybody, to be sold for what it will fetch."

"I can get you a license as a cruiser," said the don, "but not for a day or two."

"And in the meantime he may evade me again," cried Harry, impatiently. "Oh, this is insufferable delay."

"Haste has hitherto been your ruin," said the don. "The hot blood of youth is continually leading you away. Be more deliberate. If Brocken has found a home in England, he is not likely to leave it soon. He cannot suspect your coming."

"Where shall I find him?"

"Easy enough," said Don Salvo. "He mixes with the best society, and any of the toadying court journals will give you his whereabouts. You will have no difficulty in finding him. Let me see what the letter says. Ah! the Rajah Malap Dey rides every day in the park, and draws all eyes upon him by his commanding figure and majestic deportment."

"I will bring him down to the dust," said Harry. "Go—get my license, and let me sail. The blood of my brother cries out for vengeance."

He left the room without ceremony, and went down to the harbor, where his boat was in waiting. He had come but an hour before from the Belvedere, and they did not expect him so soon, but all was in order.

"Where is Mr. Staines?" he asked Bill Grunt.

"In the cabin with Mr. True, sir."

He went down and found them engaged with cigars and a chess board.

"Put that away," he said; "the great game has begun again."

"What game?" asked Tom, looking up.

"The game of vengeance," he replied. "Brocken is in England, playing the prince—feted and petted by the fools called society. Here is a chance of vengeance indeed. I'll drag him down and he shall swing like a common felon at Newgate."

Ira Staines looked a little startled, and as he put the chessmen away he said:

"Suppose you meet this man and he is penitent."

"I will not be imposed upon by such a subterfuge," said Harry.

"But suppose he does you a service?"

"What service?"

"Well, anything; say that he saves your life."

"That is nothing," said Harry. "Let him give me back my brother and his wife if he would turn me aside from my course. Why do you ask me?"

"For no particular reason," said Ira Staines. "I asked the question out of curiosity."

"And here let me tell you," said Harry, with a firmness that carried conviction with it, "that nothing less than my just dues will

satisfy me. I do not want to assassinate the man. I will not even hand him over to justice if he will meet me face to face, hand to hand and sword to sword. If he had my life in his power I would not beg for it. Nay, I would scorn to take it, for to receive that from him would leave me poor indeed."

"Strange! this may come about," said Ira. "He may save your life against your will—nay, he may save it without your knowledge."

"Then let me never know it," said Harry, "for it would be no boon to me, as I do not seek it. He is my foe—my mortal foe. He has wronged me and mine beyond reparation; by every law in every land his life is forfeit. He has dyed the ocean with blood and slaughtered the helpless and innocent, outraged the weak and spread desolation and misery far and wide. Will saving my poor life atone for that? No, Ira; I have wrongs of my own to avenge, but I am a public avenger, too; and when we meet as man to man, either he or I must die."

"Dead on," muttered Ira, as he ascended upon deck, "and he will go through it. Brocken must have known about what sort of stuff he is made of. Why the dickens, then, did he not, when he had a chance, try to take his life?"

"Perhaps he tried and failed," said Tom, in his ear. "Ah, Ira! I know as much as you do, and I do not think that we have much to thank Captain Brocken for."

"Who told you?" asked Ira.

"A little bird whispered it, the trees at night moaned it, an ass brayed it—what matters?" said Tom; "but rest content to learn that I know who our swarthy doctor was, and had I known it at the time his bones would now be bleaching on some tree."

"Does the captain know?"

"No, Ira; and it is better that he should not. We will keep the secret to ourselves."

CHAPTER VI.

OFF THE NORE.

There are few people who have not heard of the Nore, but there are not many who

know precisely what it is. They have an indistinct idea that it is somewhere about the mouth of the Thames, and that it had something to do with a mutiny, which is just as much as ordinary people want to know.

The Nore personally is invisible, but the Nore lightship may be seen any night from Shoeburyness, Sheerness, Southend and a score of other places at the mouth of the river, and along the coast, and it is the beacon which warns strange vessels from the shoals which lie in waiting to work their ruin.

Coast-guards keep their eyes upon the Nore, and anything strange is soon marked down. One morning in July an old coast-guard, sweeping his glass, saw a gallant ship approaching; none of your lumber-headed traders and coal-barges, but a smart, dapper-looking craft, as bright and spry as a London sparrow.

"And who may you be?" he muttered as he set his glass. "Fourteen guns, swarms of men, and Brazilian colors! Now, if you are a Brazilian craft, and have got Brazeel men on board, may I chew my last quid and turn up my toes afore tea-time."

The speaker stood on one of the mounds outside Shoeburyness, and in this position had an uninterrupted view of the dapper craft, which came boldly up to the mouth of the river and anchored there.

"The way them sails was took in," muttered the guard, "show you've English aboard—and English men-o'-war's men. But what's the meaning of them 'ere Brazeel colors? Now they lowers a boat, and in shore they comes! That's the way to pull, lads! and you're a smart-looking fellow astern, you are! But wot are the others—a nigger and a Chinese? Wall, that's a go!"

"Ahoy there!" shouted one from the boat.

"Ahoy to you!" replied the coast-guard.

"Where can we land?"

"Here, if you be honest men."

"Thank you for nothing," said the man in the stern, who was our hero, Handsome Harry. "Is Colonel Anderson residing here?"

"You'll find him at the barracks, sir," replied the guard, respectfully. "If you land

here I'll pint out a short cut across the practice ground."

The boat grated upon the beach and Harry leaped out.

"All had better wait for me," he said; "I shall not be long. Now, my man, which is my way?"

"Down by this path, sir—atween them two guns, and in at them two white gates," replied the guard.

"Thank you—catch hold!" said Harry, tossing him half a crown, and set off at a smart pace.

The sailors got out, and, throwing themselves upon the sands, filled their pipes. Ching-Ching and Sampson walked up and down, the former with a grace which, as the coast-guard said afterward, "gave him fits."

"Werry liberal captain o' yourn," said the coast-guard to them.

"Werry," replied one. The rest sucked their pipes in silence.

"Summat out o' the common way."

Ching-Ching paused in his walk and furnished him with a reply.

"Bery much out ob de common way," he said. "He de next heir but one to de t'rone."

"What throne, sir?" asked the coast-guard, who was quite overcome by the gentlemanly ease of Ching-Ching.

"De t'rone ob de whole ob Souf America," replied our friend. "It take a flash ob lightning five weeks to shoot ober his kingdom, and gold so plentiful dat we make muck heaps ob it."

"He's free with his money, anyhow," said the coast-guard, "as free as a roving gent."

"He be berry free wif some shoe leather," said Ching-Ching, "if he hear you say dat. Eh, Sammy?"

Samson was very expressive, and the coast-guard apologized.

"You carry fourteen guns?" he said.

"Not likely," replied Ching-Ching; "it's as much as I can do to stagger 'bout wif dis fan and rumrella, I so weak."

He perfectly understood what was said to him, and the coast-guard knew it, but he thought it best not to take any notice, and even said:

"You certainly look very weak."

"I scarcely able to stand up," said Ching-

Ching, "and my hand like a rilly eye, he'll feel him."

The coast-guard accepted the invitation and put his palm into Ching-Ching's. It closed upon him like a vise.

"Hallo! Murder! Oh, my bones!" he roared. "I say, come, mister, none o' that. Oh, my blessed fingers!"

"So bery weak," murmured Ching-Ching, "scarcely able to stand up, and Sammy weak, too."

Samson was really weak, but it was from laughing. The coast-guard looked at Ching-Ching as if he had suddenly met with a fabulous monster.

"What are you?" he asked. "You ain't natural, I guess. There's summat o' the mermaid about you."

"I was born in de middle ob de sea," said Ching-Ching promptly. "P'r'aps you hear de story; ebery newspaper publish him at de time."

"No, sir," replied the coast-guard, respectfully, "I never heard the story."

"Den," said Ching-Ching, putting his umbrella up, and leaning gracefully against the boat, "I tell it you."

Samson squatted at his feet and the sailors composed their faces to receive something astounding, and the coast-guard, puzzled and awed by the appearance and manners of Ching-Ching, took off his hat to listen with respectful attention.

"Afore I begin," said Ching-Ching, "let me tell you to put on dat hat, unless you want de big brain which nature hab gib you to frizzle like a pea."

The guard put on his hat, touched it and Ching-Ching went on.

"My farder," he said, "was born in China, in the middle of Pekin, but being ob a roving despersition, went to de country called Persia, which a man so bery intelligent as you are must know is in de middle ob Africa, just by de Great Salt Lake."

"Oh, yes, I know, sir," said the coast-guard, and several of the sailors gasped for breath.

Samson rubbed his chin thoughtfully.

"Well," continued Ching-Ching, "he arrive dere wif noting in de world but one top-boot and a corkscrew, him habing to pawn all the rest ob his property to keep

away de knowing ob his inside, which de vulgar people call hunger, and de high-born call appletite. But, poor as my farder was, he was bery lubly, and de way women fell in lub wif him is only equal to de way dat dey ain't likely to fall in lub wif you."

The coast-guard was rather fogged over this compliment, and he was inclined to think it a left-handed one, but Ching-Ching smiled so sweetly that nobody could suspect him of malice, and the listener only said:

"In course, sir, in course."

"Dere was one lubly creetur," continued Ching-Ching, "dat was de pride ob de country, and she was de daughter ob de Shah, and use to walk ebery morning in de front garden, to get an appletite for breakfast. My farder used to walk, too, but not to get an appletite, for he had too much ob dat already, but to see if dere was anything in de way ob milk tins and pewter pots on de rails, out ob which he could make a bery honest penny. De Shah, you know, was a bery genrus man, and use to hang dem out ober night for de benefit ob de earliest man out, and ober de garden gate was written de proverb, 'De early bird get de pewter pot.'"

"My farder," said Ching-Ching, after a little reflection, "was not a bery early bird, and so was too late for de milk tins, but he catch de princess. She see him, he see her, and den dey fell in lub—quash—no beatin' 'bout it, but in at once, and afore dey knew what dey was up to bof were married."

"Ag'in' the Shah's wishes?" said the coast-guard.

"He knowed nuffin' 'bout it," replied Ching-Ching, "cause he settled dat his lubly daughter marry de remperor ob Russia, who was stayin' on a visit. Well, dey was married, and all go well until de remperor propose, and de Shah say to him daughter, 'You marry to-morrer at ten o'clock sharp, or he may change his mind.' She say not'-ing, but go out to my farder, and de two make for de beach and sail away."

"Avast, there!" said the coast-guard; "you said that Persia was in the heart of Africa."

"Oh, no, you say dat," replied Ching-Ching; "didn't he, Sammy?" Samson groaned something which might have been either "Yes" or "No." "I know better—

part ob Persia in de middle ob Africa, de rest on de coast down by Bottony Bay."

"Go ahead," said the listener.

"De Shah," went on Ching-Ching, "pursue dem vigorously, but afore he got two miles out de whole ob him fleet turned seasick, and my farder got away—he and my moder. One week, two week, three week, they sail on, and then come a storm, and de oyster-boat dat dey escape in get wrecked on de coral leaf. My farder was drowned, but my moder was thrown up on de top ob de leaf."

"The reef, I suppose you mean, sir?" said the coast-guard.

"If you know dis story berrer dan I do," exclaimed Ching-Ching, "perhaps you tell him."

The coast-guard was abashed and begged pardon.

"Bery good," said Ching-Ching. "My moder, as I say, was t'rown up friendless and alone. Dere she lay all day, and when de dark night and all de stars come out, I den a lilly child"—here Ching-Ching's voice quivered with emotion—"I, a bery lilly child, was born."

"You couldn't be born a man, you know," said the coast-guard, attempting a joke.

Ching-Ching eyed him wrathfully.

"How do you know," he asked, "what I can do?"

"Ax your pardon, sir."

"Dat all right. Well, I was born on dat leaf, dat bery night, and my moder was so frightened by de squall I made dat she gabe up de ghost. Dere was a position for a mose unfortunate infant, who knew not'ing ob de geogiphy ob him position."

"Sumfin fearful," said Samson, "but dat chile no common infant."

"No," returned Ching-Ching, "or he not be here to tell de tale."

"But how was you saved?"

"By de music ob my voice," replied Ching-Ching. "I charmed a whale and it suckled me."

This astonished assertion knocked the sailors down flat, and brought such contortions into Samson's face that he seemed to be in great agony. The coast-guard swallowed whale, tail and all.

"Ah, yes, I knows they suckle their

young," he said; "but how the darned did it suckle you?"

"I much too young to 'member," replied Ching-Ching; "but when I just six weeks and two days old a ship come by and see my lilly figure lyin' like a angel on de rock. De whale was away, and I was liffin up my lilly voice when de ship come up, but no sooner did dey get me on board dan de whale, fur'us at bein' rob ob her young, come rushin' up and wif one bang ob him tail knock in every side ob de bottom ob de ship—"

"Boat ahoy, there!" cried the voice of Harry.

"Aye, aye, sir!" cried the seamen, springing to their feet.

"Bery sorry, my friend," said Ching-Ching, politely, "but I tell you de rest when I come dis way again."

"When will that be, sir?"

"Will you be here on Monday week?"

"Sure to, sir."

"Sorry I can't come on dat day," said Ching-Ching, "but if you should be settin' up wif de toothache in St. Jeffy's eve, which ain't afore Christmas, nor yet after, I drop in to soothe you wif de rest ob my life. You a bery polite young man"—the man was over sixty—"and I t'ank you for your patience."

"It strikes me that I have been made a fool on," muttered the coast-guard, as he watched the receding boat, "but he's a wonderful look, anyhow. Why, where—where's my glass. Ah, you thief! Bring it back, will you?"

Ching-Ching was in the stern-sheets, calmly surveying the coast-guard through his own telescope. The way that officer went on was dreadful, and the threats he muttered, if not entirely new and original, were nevertheless very forcible. But he was helpless. There was not a soul in sight. The Belvedere was a good two miles out, and he could not make out her name with the naked eye. This position, to say the least, was trying.

"If I ever listen to another yarn-spinning chap," he muttered, "may I lose my head and feet. What an ily tongue he had. The Shah, the princess, shipwrecked, the moosic

of his voice, suckled by a whale. Darn the brute, I wish I had him here."

But he hadn't, and so was obliged to vent his fury on the empty air.

Moody and distraught, he took refuge in his little hut, and watched the Belvedere as she fluttered out her canvas and stood out to sea.

Then he swore himself to sleep.

It was quite dark when he awoke, and, getting up, he lighted his lantern.

The light of it revealed an object on the table which made him fairly skip with surprise.

His telescope!

Yes, there it was, and its loss and the interview with Ching-Ching had doubtless been a dream; but no, there is more than the telescope before him—a small piece of paper.

He opened it and out fell two dollars. He picked them up and looked at the paper again.

It had writing upon it.

He read:

"For the lone of the taller scop.

When nex you C

A fren like me,

Keep both eye opin and yure pockits shut.

"CHING-CHING."

"I'd like to keep a telescope and let it out regularly," said the coast-guard, slapping his pocket. "I wonder whether I shall ever see him again?"

They met again, as we shall see, and then their meeting did not terminate quite so satisfactorily.

CHAPTER VII.

FOILED AGAIN.

When Harry returned to the Belvedere, as we have related, he went into the cabin and sent for Ira and Tom.

They came speedily, their faces asking for news.

"Foiled again!" he said, bitterly.

"Again?" said Tom.

"Yes," said Harry; "this double-dyed villain and imposter has gone to Russia with the English Embassy. It is expected he will be away a long time, as he is going to see the country."

"Then the game's up, and we must await his return."

"No," said Harry. "Colonel Anderson will furnish me with letters of introduction, but first I must become a Freemason."

"How will you manage that?" asked Tom.

"Colonel Anderson will put us all up," said Harry, "and that will carry us through Russia, if we are only commonly discreet."

"But the emperor objects to Freemasonry—nay, prohibits it."

"He may prohibit it as much as he likes, but it's there, and neither he nor all the power of Russia can root it out!"

"This will delay us here."

"Only a week or two, which we can spend in fitting up the Belvedere for the new climate and the new life she is about to enter upon."

"From boiling heat to polar cold—ugh! it will be a change," said Tom.

In half an hour the destination of the Belvedere was known all over the ship.

When Ching-Ching and Samson heard of it, and the inevitable delay, an idea entered into the head of the former.

"We no good at fitting out, Sammy," he said.

"Not a bit, Chingy."

"Suppose we go and see a little bit ob life, den?"

"Whar?"

"Up de riber in de merrytropolis."

"Dat a good thought, Chingy. We ask Massa Harry to-night."

"You do dat bisness," said Ching-Ching, doubtful of his own success.

Sammy accordingly presented himself before his leader, and asked for a holiday to go to London.

"What will you do there?" asked Harry. Samson could find no better answer than:

"Look 'bout a bit."

"Of course Ching-Ching goes with you?" said Harry.

A grin answered in the affirmative.

"Well, take care of yourselves," Harry said, "and be back by the twenty-eighth."

Handsome Harry's Return to Spain

"Tank you, Massa Harry."

Away sped Samson, bearing the news of his success, and prepared to be off at once, "for fear Massa Harry might change his mind."

"Stop a minute," said Ching-Ching. "Dese clothes dat we wear not do for London."

"Why not, Chingy?"

"Wait till you get dere and den see. No, Sammy, we must go up to the merrytropolis as nobs—nabobs, genlymen, real swells. If we go in dese boots dey lock us up right away."

"Who tell you dat, Chingy?"

"Neber mind, so dat me know it," replied Ching-Ching, evasively. "Now, I've got sumfin here."

He pulled out from his locker two most gorgeous suits, part of his share of the loot from the treacherous Spaniard.

They were handsome enough for a prince of Babylon, and Samson's eyes glistened.

"You make a bery big swell in dem," he said.

"But not here, Sammy," replied Ching-Ching. "No, we make up a lilly bundle and go ashore, where we change."

"On de shore?"

"Yes; but whar nobody know," said Ching-Ching. "We go ashore at midnight. Ask Massa Harry for an order for de boat."

This was obtained, and all was made ready.

Half a dozen packets of gold coins—more loot from the Spaniards—each of them took with their bundles and pulled ashore.

Ching-Ching had yet another bundle, and that contained the telescope to which we have referred, and four bottles of rum.

Dismissing the boat, he made for the coast-guard's hut, and deposited the telescope as we have described.

Then, outside the hut, he and Samson rapidly changed their garments, aided only by the light of the moon, and twisting their ordinary attire into a couple of balls, thrust them down the mouth of a cannon kept for ornament.

It was an old French gun, taken at Trafalgar, and had not belched fire since that memorable day.

"Now," said Samson, who was a giant

child in the hands of Ching-Ching, "where shall we go?"

"We will pass de night wif dis genlyman," replied Ching-Ching, pointing to the coast-guard; "but come along."

The astonishment of that gentleman was beyond all description when the two magnates entered the hut.

As it was only nine feet by six, the accommodation was rather limited, but he thought not of that when they came in, nor, indeed, did he think much of anything, for he believed that the whole business of the day—Ching-Ching, the loss of the telescope, its recovery, the two dollars and the arrival of our friends in their gorgeous rig-out, was but an Arabian Night's entertainment or dream.

"You 'member us, my fren'?" said Ching-Ching, affably.

"Aye, aye, I remember summat," replied the man, rubbing his head until his iron-gray hair stood up like bristles.

"We not dressed den," continued Ching-Ching; "but now we am. Sit down and make yourself at home."

This was cool in the man's own hut, but he sat down in a sort of a helpless manner and wondered when he would wake up.

"Hab you a glass?" asked Ching-Ching, putting a bottle upon the table.

He had not, but he had a mug—a yellow one with a blue rim, for which he took his daily tea and everything else which came handy.

Mechanically he produced it, and Ching-Ching, skilfully knocking off the neck of the bottle, tilted something into it.

"Drink," he said.

The coast-guard drank.

The rum was more than visionary, and he smacked his lips.

"Good!" he said.

"Hab a lilly rum?"

He took a little rum and smacked his lips twice over.

"That's the very best stuff that Dick Price ever tasted," he said.

"Who am Dick Price?" asked Samson.

"Me," said the man.

"Den hab a lilly more," said Ching-Ching, "and when you have put it down your gas-pipe pass de mug."

The mug passed backward and forward, and the conviviality became general. Dick Price forgot all about dreams and became sociable. He talked freely—of himself principally—and, according to his own account, he had been much neglected by an ungrateful country.

"If I had only my doos," he said, glaring hazily upon Ching-Ching, "I should have been a hadmiral twenty years ago, instead o' bein' shoved away here. Pass that mug."

Ching-Ching passed it, and Dick Price drowned his disappointment and wrath in the flowing mug. He would have gone on drowning it if Ching-Ching and Samson had not claimed their rights.

"If you stick to dat 'ere mug," said Ching-Ching, "I stick to de bottle. Pass over."

And it was passed from one to the other, and were we to dwell on what passed we could fill the pages of this book with the braggadocio of Dick Price alone.

Ching-Ching, for once, had very little to say, and Samson had less. Both men were content to sit still and get as much entertainment out of the coast-guard as they could in the time.

He talked of his rights and he talked of his wrongs; he fought all his old battles over again and took a share in many he had only heard by name. He defied his captain on the quarter-deck and challenged five admirals whom he had never seen to mortal combat. Then he talked of his wife, who had been dead twenty-seven years, and wept over what she must have endured when she took in clear starching while he was at sea.

"She was more nor a woman," he said; "she'd got a figure-head that never ought to have been out of a picture, and when she turned her eye on you, it laid a man on his beam-ends. She was courted by a butcher, a baker, a snip of a tailor and five marines, when I stepped in and tuk her. We were married in St. Judd's Church in Portsmouth, and went off to the hills in a van, which broke down and left us there all night. We put up, and gave the man who came to look arter the fires in the morning a black eye for callin' us a lot of drunken tramps. Arter that we wandered back to the town and was locked up for not standing the

cheek of a bobby who said it warn't the first of May, and got knocked into fiddle-strings. It was the most roarin' weddin' that ever was, and she were the finest woman as ever lived! Pass that mug."

They passed it to him, and he drank to the dear departed, after which he fell asleep.

CHAPTER VIII. *65*

LONDON, HO!

It takes very little to rouse the enthusiasm of rural minds. Men and women born and reared in out-of-the-way places, where the gay side of the world seldom, if ever, comes, are speedily touched by unwonted sights and sounds, and it is, therefore, nothing to wonder at when we state that Samson and Ching-Ching, on their way to London, caused a sensation.

Railroads were only forming and not yet formed, and our friends went up in a chaise and four. An open chaise, too, so that their peculiar casts of countenance and rich raiment could be fully seen.

As they passed through villages every living soul that could get out ran after the chaise, cheering, some of the children keeping up behind for a good mile or more. Steady country squires going the round of their estates on solid cobs drew aside and courteously bowed; farmers took off their hats, and hedgers and ditchers pulled their f. relocks until the hair came out in tufts.

When they changed horses, landlord, landlady, family, boots, waiters, chambermaids and all idlers stared at the strangers until they started, when they awoke from a trance of amazement and cheered. Dogs, poultry, pigs, pigeons, all seemed to join in the general flutter, and to lend, each in its way, their aid to the commotion.

"Who are they? What are they?" the post-boys asked.

"Hindian princes—rich as Creesus, and as free with their gold as the clouds are with water," was the reply.

"Hurrah for the Indian princes!" was the cry, and Ching-Ching, with reckless prodigality, tossed his money among the crowd.

Samson was so overcome with the noise and the excitement that he could only sit still and stare. This was taken for the reserve and dignity becoming to a mighty prince. Ching-Ching smiled and bowed at the men, and winked and smacked his lips at the women. This was looked upon as the delightful affability of a mighty potentate.

As they neared London the excitement increased, and at the last place of change they were met by a newspaper correspondent who was on his way to London with news. He spotted the new arrivals and at once sought an introduction. It was granted him.

What Ching-Ching told him we will not venture to say, but the correspondent made out that Samson was heir to half of Africa and Ching-Ching prince over three-fourths of Asia.

"Where will your highnesses stay?" he asked.

Ching-Ching did not know.

"Might I recommend the Masons' Tavern, Chancery Lane?" said the correspondent. "The name is not imposing, but crowned heads have dined within its walls, and princes lounged in its commodious coffee-room. The commercial element is strictly forbidden, and strangers without an introduction are not admitted."

"Bery good," said Ching-Ching, loftily, "dat will do."

"May I be so bold as to ride forward and announce your coming?" asked the correspondent.

"You do it if you please," said Ching-Ching.

The correspondent at once ordered out a chaise and pair—for which Ching-Ching paid liberally—and dashed forward. Our friends, after another exhibition of copious liberality, followed him.

Up the road, near and nearer London, crowds of people were by the roadside to cheer them, for the correspondent had shrieked: "Indian princes coming! Keep the road clear!"

And, of course, everybody at once got into the way, so as to get a good look at these same Indian princes.

At last they reached London, where the bustle increased, but the excitement somewhat subsided. The correspondent, al-

though he had shouted his best, had done little more than just stir up the busy throng.

The chaise and four had just got into a block in Shoreditch, and a rude boy, climbing up the step, yelled out: "Yah! ain't I a man and a brother?"

Ching-Ching promptly acted the brother's part by smiting him on the side of the head and knocking him into the gutter.

After this the little boy kept behind and abandoned personal remarks for efforts to lay violent hands upon Ching-Ching's pig-tail.

He was quite equal to the occasion and rapped a good many knuckles so hard that bitter tears were plentiful that day in Shoreditch, and one little boy he seized by the wrist and jerked him dexterously into the chaise, administering a form of chastisement familiar to those whose infant days have been tinged with trouble.

Want of space prevents us from dwelling on the incidents attending their memorable journey up Bishopsgate street, through Threadneedle street, up Cheapside, round St. Paul's, down Ludgate Hill and along Fleet street to the Masons' Tavern, where they found an excited little knot of loafers and an obsequious landlord and servants awaiting them.

Here the two potentates dismounted and Ching-Ching, taking out a handful of gold, paid for the chaise, rewarded the postilions munificently, and scattered the rest of the coin among the loafers, who fought for it like demons and left a cartload of frowsy rags upon the ground.

"This way, your royal highnesses," said the landlord, and they passed into the hall of a very good hotel.

The correspondent was there and paid them homage.

The landlord ushered them to a magnificent sitting-room.

"When will your royal highnesses' luggage arrive?" was the next question.

"It's comin' up de riber in ship," replied Ching-Ching, waving his hand as if luggage was too mean a subject for him to deal with.

The landlord bowed and asked what they would have for dinner.

They left it to him, and he made his exit.

"Chingy," whispered Samson, when they were left alone.

"Yes, ole boy?"

"Dis bery expensive work."

"Bery."

"Will de money run out?"

"Wurra money, Samson?"

"Dat which we bring."

"No, Sammy," replied Ching-Ching, "for I t'row de last ob dat to de scrubby men outside."

"Chingy," exclaimed Samson, aghast, "am dat true?"

"Quite true."

"None left, ole boy?"

"Not a bit, Sammy. But neber mind, sum-fin sure to turn up."

Samson was not so sure of that, and his dark eyes grew dim with speculations concerning the end of their little trip.

CHAPTER IX.

SOAPING PRINCES.

A white-haired waiter, almost doubled up, came to announce that dinner was ready, and ushered the two mighty potentates into an apartment where a feast fit for a king was spread out.

Samson, it must be admitted, was a little overawed and felt inclined to turn and run, but Ching-Ching kept him steady, and with immeasurable coolness took his seat at the board.

There were half a dozen waiters handy, but Ching-Ching preferred to eat his food without spectators, and, turning to the head waiter, he said:

"You berrer leab de room; de Indian prince neber eat afore common people."

The waiter was a little irritated, but he dared not refuse to obey, and went forth to the landing with his brethren, where he took possession of the keyhole and had the satisfaction of seeing the way foreign royalty eat.

"They ain't werry particler," he said; "the

other is a going to drink the salad dressing. He's in a fit!"

"Hadn't we better go in?" asked the other waiters.

"No," said the head man, solemnly; "it's death to intrude on royalty o' that sort unless they send for you. He's better now, and is a-drinkin' the sherry out o' the decanter."

"What's t'other doing?" asked one of the waiters, after a pause.

"He's a-stowing away hevery harticle on the table," replied the fortunate possessor of the keyhole, "and he's a-mixin' his drink like a maniac. Now he's singing."

One of Ching-Ching's melodies, peculiar to himself—being, in fact, of his own composing—was wafted to their ears, but they could make nothing of it. It seemed to be all "Ki-ki," and "Ko-ko."

"Them furrin songs is wery weird and witch-like," said the head waiter, solemnly. "T'other chap's joining in now."

Samson came in with a roar; and for the better purpose of giving forth melody, stretched himself out upon three chairs.

Ching-Ching, who had made a wondrous meal, curled himself up upon a sofa.

"He's a-goin' to sleep," said the head waiter, "and t'other chap is goin' to have a little more drink. I hopes that they are amiable in their drops."

"Waiter!" roared Samson, in a voice of thunder.

The listeners outside quivered like reeds shaken by the wind.

They remembered the mighty proportions of the Indian Prince, Rajah Wallah Bah, and funk'd obeying his call.

"Mr. Sniggles," said the head waiter, "you had better answer."

"Waiter!" roared Samson.

And every waiter gave a little shriek of terror.

"It's your duty, Mr. Timpany," rejoined Sniggles; "we is only subordinates."

"Come and clear dis table!" roared Samson.

"Clear it for dem, Sammy," said Ching-Ching.

"Mr. Sniggles—Mr. Crupps—I insist upon some of you going in," said the head waiter,

but no man stirred.

One moment's pause, and then a crash of this country not to drink after ten o'clock?" said the landlord, deferentially.

Samson had cleared the table by the simple process of laying hold of the cloth and jerking everything off.

Up came the landlord and found the waiters in attitudes expressive of the utmost dismay, their faces as white as sheets and their knees knocking together.

"What's all this?" he cried.

"The Indian prince," gasped the head waiter.

"He called for us to go and clear the table, and you wouldn't go in," said Sniggles; "you know you wouldn't."

The head waiter glared upon him, but the landlord accepted the communication and shook his fist in the head man's face.

"You coward!" he said.

"Coward yourself!" cried the head waiter, snapping his fingers. "Go in, if you dare; you will find him ready for you with a carving knife."

"I am not afraid," cried the landlord, throwing open the door, but he did not go in, preferring to stand upon the threshold and take a view of the interior.

The scene which met his gaze was truly astounding.

Ching-Ching sat straddle-legs across the back of a couch, laughing from ear to ear, and Sampson lay upon the ground under a heap of dishes, bottles and the general contents of the table, unable to get up.

The havoc and ruin of the feast was complete.

"Dat de way to clear 'em," cried Ching-Ching. "Ah! Massa Landlord, bery glad to see you. Cum in and pick up de pieces."

"Come an' help me up, or I make applesarse ob somebody!" roared Samson.

They came and helped him tremblingly, and as soon as Samson was upon his feet he shook his fist at landlord and waiters.

"I make you smart for dis!" he cried, "as sure as my name am—what my name, Chingy?"

"Rajay sumfin, Sammy," replied his friend; "but nebber mind de name. Landlord, bring 'noder bottle."

"Might I suggest to your royal highnesses that the hour is late, and that it is the custom

Ching-Ching's wrath arose, and serious consequences were impending, when Samson announced that he was getting sleepy and wanted to go to bed.

The bare mention of a bed made Ching-Ching sleepy, too, as he was broken up, and he declared his intention of retiring to rest.

They were ushered out of the room by two waiters bearing wax candles, and shown into their respective apartments, and both, with an absence of care, wonderful in people so highly born and bred as they were, got into bed with everything on, and speedily fell asleep.

"I don't quite understand this lot," muttered the landlord, "but I shall see more about them when their luggage comes."

The notion of luggage would have been rather entertaining to Samson and Ching-Ching if they had heard it, but at that moment both were snoring prodigiously.

In the morning the fashionable paper announced the arrival of the two celebrities, and by twelve o'clock the vanguard of fashionable society was upon the scene. Several gentlemen connected with learned societies came first, and were informed that the Rajah Malap Dey and his friend had not yet condescended to rise from their downy couches. So they left their cards and went.

About ten o'clock Mrs. Smithsonian-Smith-Jones, a lady celebrated for filling her drawing room with the odds and ends of the world, put in an appearance, and with her husband made themselves known to Ching-Ching and Samson.

Ching-Ching bowed and smiled affably.

"How easy and graceful!" murmured Mrs. S.-S.-Jones.

Samson stared at her and grinned.

"He maintains the quiet reserve of his peculiar caste," said the easily contented lady.

The conversation which ensued was of an ordinary character—on the weather and familiar topics—until Mrs. Smithsonian-Smith-Jones introduced the topic of Samson's supposed native land.

"You must miss the bungalow, the temples, and—and the elephants," she said; "you rajahs live at home in a fairy land."

"Golly! dat so," said Samson. "Chingy, ax de lady what she take to drink."

"Nothing, thank you," said the lady, rising; "we have an 'at home' to-morrow at nine; may we expect the pleasure of your company?"

"Sammy, wurra say you?" asked Ching-Ching.

"Dis chile will be dere," replied Samson.

"Remarkable people," said Mr. Jones, as he descended after the parting.

"So easy—so affable—so English," said Mrs. Jones; "so unaffected in their actions!"

"Rather rumped," said Mr. Jones. "Dear me! where is my handkerchief—and my eye-glasses? I must have left them up stairs. I must go back."

"Jones!" cried his wife, aghast, "what will an Indian prince think of you if you trouble your mind about such trifles? Come away."

So he went, and Ching-Ching kept both articles for his own private use. Other visitors followed—too numerous to mention individually, but there were merchants, bankers, stock-jobbers, swells and snobs, and all went well until a certain Professor Mulbury came.

The professor had lived in India, and had traveled all over it. He was, in addition, a very learned man. He came, saw, and bowled out the impostor with half an eye, but he said nothing until he went downstairs, when he sought out the landlord.

"Who told you those fellows were Indian princes?" he asked.

The landlord mentioned the reporter, and stated that he was at that moment in the coffee room regaling himself at the expense of the house on the strength of having brought the potentates thither.

"Send for that reporter," said the professor, and he was sent for and came.

waistcoat, eyeing the reporter sternly. The reporter trembled in his boots.

"Now," said the professor, "who told you those fellows were Indian princes?"

The reporter reflected, and could only find one answer.

"Nobody."

"How do you know it then?"

"They looked like it, and talked like it."

"That sounds well—eh? doesn't it?" said the professor, addressing the aghast landlord; "it strikes me, young man, that you have put your foot in it."

"Do you mean to say——" began the reporter.

"I mean to say that the fellows are impostors," said the professor; "one is the most impudent Chinnee I ever met, and the other is a nigger. Have they any luggage, landlord?"

"Not a bit."

"That settles it," said the professor, blowing his nose emphatically; "you had better get rid of them at once."

"Get rid of them?" roared the landlord; "I'll lock them up!"

"Don't be too hasty," returned the professor; "take the bearings of the case. Who took the rooms?"

"I did," gasped the reporter.

"On what terms?"

"The terms weren't mentioned," said the landlord; "we don't go into those things with great people."

"But you should with strangers," replied Professor Mulbury, "for now you are helpless. You positively have no claim upon these men. Good-day."

He went out, and the landlord turned savagely upon the humiliated reporter.

"I give you two minutes to get out of the house," he said, "and don't let me ever see you in it again."

The hapless man vanished like a spirit, and the landlord rang the bell.

"Send Small to me," he said to the waiter who answered.

Small was the head stableman, a mighty man of valor, who did the rough work of the establishment, when there was any to be done. Small came, knuckled his forehead, and waited for orders.

CHAPTER X.

THE BUBBLE BURSTS.

Professor Mulbury took up an attitude with his thumbs in the arm-holes of his

"Small," said the landlord, "you've seen them fellows up stairs?"

"Injun chaps, sir?"

"Yes; they are impostors—swindlers—thieves—rogues—rascals. Turn 'em out."

"Alone, sir?"

"No; take what help you like, and be as rough as you please. If you should accidentally hurt that Chinese feller, I shall not say anything."

"All right, sir," said Small, with a grin.

Here was a job in unison with his soul. Small was a man framed to beat, and bruise, and maim, and he was very fond of the work. There was a relish, too, in the novelty of the subjects. He had thrashed little men and big men, children and women, his own wife included, but it had never fallen to his lot to pitch into a nigger or Chinaman. Here was a prospect of bliss indeed.

Going into the stables, he selected four of his best men—enough, in his opinion, to settle the fellows aloft over and over again. On entering the house, he found all things prepared—visitors gone—waiters on the staircase, and Ching-Ching and Samson in their room.

As he entered, they rose to receive him and his followers.

"More visitors, Sammy," said Ching-Ching. "Hallo—what dis—you make a mistake ob de room, my man."

"Out with the nigger chap," said Small to his henchmen. "I'll take this one."

Chuckles of glee uprose from the staircase, and the head waiter was doubled up with laughter. He was standing on the landing, just at the head of the stairs, so as to get a good view of the proceedings. Suddenly something shot violently out of the room, and he found himself in the arms of a man rolling heavily down.

Sniggles, the waiter, and several other light objects, impeded their progress for a moment only and then joined in the avalanche, and a huge bundle of humanity reached the mat, with Small gasping undermost.

Then came four men fleeing for their lives, followed by Samson, armed with the leg of the dining table, which he wielded venomously, and as the flying stablemen blundered down the stairs Ching-Ching

joined his friend and stood looking calmly down.

"Now, Sammy," he said, "I tink I see de reason ob dis lilly display ob good feeling, and it time for you and I to go."

They walked down stairs, and waiters and stablemen scattered in every direction. Small tried to get into an eight-day clock, but there was not room enough for him, and so he sunk down in a heap, and feebly requested Ching-Ching not to "hit a man on the ground."

They passed out without paying the slightest heed to one of them, and entered the street, where the lamps were now being lighted, and turning a corner, disappeared.

"Small?" cried the landlord.

"Yes, sir!" answered the crestfallen stableman.

"Do you mean to say those fellows were too much for you?"

"They was, sir," replied Small, emphatically; "that Chayney chap tossed me about like a walking-stick."

"And as for that nigger," said one of the stablemen, "he's the most wicious willain as ever I came across. Oh, my bones!"

"Well, then, I ought to be glad I've got rid of 'em so cheap," muttered the landlord. "Go about your work, then, and put the rooms straight. I'll be more careful next time."

CHAPTER XI.

NEWS OF THE PRODIGALS.

Colonel Anderson was a good fellow. He was one of those genial English gentlemen who manage to make everybody about them very much at home, and leave an impression upon strangers which is not easily eradicated.

To Handsome Harry he behaved like a true friend, and hastened his entrance, with that of Ira Staines and Tom True, into the masonic lodge. The mysteries of masonry are secret, and therefore can find no place in these pages; but although we may not say what was done, we are at liberty to state what was not done, and we break no confi-

dence in stating that not one of the new masons was tortured with a hot poker, which is commonly supposed to form the principal feature of the ceremony.

This done, the Belvedere was ready to start, but it lacked two important members in the persons of Samson and Ching-Ching, of whom nothing had been heard.

"They promised to be back in a week," said Harry, "and it is now getting on for three, and they show no sign. What can have become of them?"

"They've got into trouble somewhere," replied Ira. "That fellow, Ching-Ching, cannot keep his feet from picking and stealing."

"I should be sincerely sorry to lose them," said Harry, "but time presses. If they are not here in two more days we must start without them. I'll get Anderson to make inquiries and take care of them until we come back."

"I wish him joy of two such children," said Tom.

Two persons, and two persons only, on board the Belvedere rejoiced at the absence of our friends, and these, it need scarcely be stated, were Bill Grunt and old Cutten. Their joy was not unnatural when all they had endured is considered, but Bill ought not to have forgotten that Ching-Ching once saved his life, and that most of the jokes he played were of a very harmless description.

To do the old boatswain justice, he wished neither of the absentees any great bodily harm; all he wanted was peace and rest for himself, which could only be obtained by their absence. The Belvedere without them would, in Bill's eyes, have been perfect, but this opinion was not shared by many, and we are assured that it is not the opinion of our readers.

One day Harry met Dick Price, the coast guard, and from him learned all about the midnight visitation, which gave him cause for great uneasiness, as he was then sure that they were upon some new freak which would involve them in serious trouble, and he employed agents, paying them liberally, to go to London and inquire after the missing men forthwith.

To Colonel Anderson he confided his

anxiety, bestowing warm eulogies upon both the absent men, and the gallant colonel promised, if he could find them, to keep them under his wing until Harry returned.

"Two such peculiar men cannot hide away," he said, "and you are sure to find them."

This was comforting, but not entirely satisfactory, and Harry returned on board in a very gloomy state of mind. There was undoubtedly a very great gap on board the Belvedere, and he felt it very keenly.

"That Ching-Ching," he said to Tom, "knows nothing of England, and he is sure to try some of those tricks, which are all very well abroad where they have no police, but will not do in a country with an officer at the corner of every street. I wish I had not let them go."

"Daily papers just arrived," said Ira, entering the cabin.

"Give me the 'Times,'" said Harry. "Thank you."

He opened it, and looked up and down the columns, until his eye fell upon a paragraph which drew from him an exclamation of surprise.

"Here they are," he said. "I thought so. Listen."

He folded down the paper and read aloud: "Enfield has been the scene of an extraordinary commotion, which rivals that which Johnny Gilpin created in the olden time. It seems that a farmer, named Nash, has a considerable amount of grazing land close by, on which he keeps a large amount of cattle, among them a bull renowned for its vicious propensities. This creature had a considerable piece of ground railed off for itself, which has been naturally avoided with studious care by the inhabitants acquainted with its nature. Two strangers, however, of remarkable appearance, one looking like a negro and the other a Chinese, but both dressed in tattered Indian costume, unconsciously invaded the domain of the noble beast, and the Chinese got lifted into the air."

"Poor Ching-Ching," said Tom.

"Stop a minute," said Harry. "Listen. Several persons witnessed the attack, and thought that he must inevitably be killed, for when he fell to the ground, the brute

made another rush at him, bent upon goring him with his horns. Then the negro stepped in, and seizing the bull deftly by one of his fore-legs, tilted him over upon his side. With a roar the brute leaped up again, but the negro leaped on his back, and whooped and halloed so frightfully that the creature ran forward, and bounding over the fence, ran toward the village. All was now commotion. Men, women, and children fled into the houses, and with pallid faces watched the bull as it thundered by. On its back was the negro still, and behind came the Chinese, leaping and shrieking like a veritable demon, and adding to the terror of the negro-bestridden beast. They passed on and disappeared in the distance, and up to a late hour last night nothing has been heard of either men or beast."

"Ha! ha!" roared Tom; "what next will they be up to?"

"Very pretty," said Harry, "but it may end in real mischief."

"Here are some more particulars," said Ira, opening another paper. "'The skin of the bull has been discovered in a wood, and some of the flesh, in a half-roasted condition, in the ashes of an extinct fire; so they first rode him to death, and then ate him.'"

"That's felony," exclaimed Harry, pacing up and down. "The pair of fools, to get into such a mess."

"They will get out of it," said Ira; "trust them for that."

"If I knew where they were I would go to them at once," said Harry, "but it is so difficult—in fact, it can't be done. The shade of Harold forbids that I should stay."

"I think, with Ira, that they will turn up," said Tom. "Ching-Ching is a genius, and an eel to boot; and Samson is a lion."

"Man come aboard, sir, as wants to see you," said Bill Grunt, poking his head down the gangway.

"Send him here."

The man was a shock-headed countryman, with a stare of vacant astonishment upon his face. He came down, took off his hat—scraped his right foot behind his left, and waited to be spoken to.

"You want to speak to me," said Harry.

"If yez be the capen o' the Bally Dear," said the visitor.

"That's near enough," said Harry. "I'm the man."

"Then I've got a bit o' paper for yez," said the fellow, fumbling in his hat; "it comes from a party as is in the prison jining the squire's."

It was a very dirty piece of paper, whoever sent it, and the yokel had not improved it by wearing it next to his greasy head, but Harry contrived to make out the following:

"Missi 'Arry—In a mes' am Ching an' Sammy—barer nose whar. Ching-Chingy."

"The party said as how you'd make it right with me," said the yokel.

"Certainly I will," said Harry; "here's a sovereign, and when I've got my friends out, there are four more coming. Lead the way."

The yokel was staggered.

"A suvrin," he gasped, "and four more to come! Why, that's more than I airn all harvest time."

"Never mind what you earn," said Harry; "we have a different scale of payment here."

"Darned if I shouldn't like to work aboard here, sir," he said.

"Nothing in your line," replied Tom; "we haven't an inch of ground to spare for turnips and mangel wurzel. What's your name?"

"Grouts, sir—Neddy Grouts."

"Poetical name," said Tom.

"Rhymes with snouts," added Ira.

"You had better have something to eat," said Harry, "and then lead us to where our friends can be found."

CHAPTER XII.

BACK AGAIN.

All this time we have neglected Witta, the wise man, but the truth is, he was a little out of his element on board ship, and led a very quiet life indeed. He missed the rich woods, the broad plains, and the fast flowing rivers which he had been accustomed to from his birth, and his energies being cramped by the circumscribed area of the Belvedere, he moped a little like a newly caught bird in a cage.

One little thing consoled him in his voluntary imprisonment, and that was the pos-

session of King Matta's mat, which Ching-Ching, with commendable generosity, had handed over to him; and he passed most of his time seated upon it, and adding a little carving work to Bettie, which only rendered that hideous image more hideous still.

The news concerning Samson and Ching-Ching reached his ears, and he awoke from his lethargy, tossed aside Bettie, and offered himself as an assistant in the rescue. Harry, on hearing a brief report from Grouts, decided upon taking twelve men he had already selected; but he accepted Witta's offer, and made up a baker's dozen.

Ching-Ching and Samson were confined in the stables of a country squire, who fell foul of the pair on finding them asleep on his park. He did nothing at first but rage and order them off, but Ching-Ching, led away by a spirit of mischief, planted his foot against the shirt-front of the squire, and left a proof impression of his five toes.

The squire roared, and untold servitors came to the rescue. Ching-Ching and Samson were very weak, owing to a scarcity in the eating line, and they were collared. Grouts was put on guard over them, and when he went off duty he brought the message, as we have related.

"The squire inquired about 'em," said Grouts, as the boat moved toward the shore, "and he says they are wanted up-town way—Lunnon, you know—so a man is kep' with 'em with a gun."

"How far is this place from the coast?"

"'Bout seven miles, sir."

It was close upon ten o'clock when they landed, but Harry reckoned that he could get there before midnight. Grouts was doubtful, as he had been a slow man, even in the agricultural sense, and, left to himself, would probably have arrived there about noon on the morrow.

They left the boat unguarded, as it was not likely to be noticed in the darkness, and they were hopeful of getting back before the return of daylight. Harry urged Grouts to put his best foot foremost.

To cover the ground in the boots he wore was simply impossible, and, removing them, he slung them about his neck, and struck out across the fields.

"You know the country well?" said Harry.

"A leetle, sir," said Grouts, with a grin—lost in the darkness. "I do a little night work, sir, sometimes."

"Poaching?"

"I ketches rabbits and hares," replied Grouts, equivocally, and then he ventured to hint that silence was desirable.

The clock of a village church was slowly striking the midnight hour as Harry and his followers entered the park of the squire who held Ching-Ching and Samson in durance vile.

There was no moon, but the stars were very bright, and the outline of the mansion and outbuildings could be plainly seen.

In one window a light was burning.

"That's where they be, sir," whispered Grouts. "The chap that's on guard is sitting by the candle."

"Is the door locked?"

"Yes, sir; inside."

Now Harry knew that to burst the door open would only lead to the awakening of the household, and his desire was to get away without any trouble or confusion.

There was only one way of doing it, and that was by getting Grouts to parley with the enemy, and get him to open the door.

"If I does it, sir," said Grouts, "I must get away from here, for I shall be a ruined and a marked man."

"Will you come with me?"

"Aye, sir, I will," was the hearty reply, and Grouts went forward and knocked at the door.

"Who's there?" inquired a voice within.

"Me—Grouts."

"What do you want?"

"I've got a message from the squire."

The door opened, and revealed the form of a burly keeper, with a gun resting on his arm.

Harry stepped in, grasped the barrel, and presented a pistol at him.

"Say a word or move at your peril!" he said.

The man saw that odds were against him, and yielded.

"Sit down there," said Harry.

"This'll be a bad job for you, Grouts," he said.

"It will be worse for you if you open your mouth again," returned Harry. "Keep quiet. Where are my friends?"

He pointed to a horse-box, where Samson and Ching-Ching lay gagged and bound.

Harry, with his own hands, cut their bonds.

"I knew it, Massa Harry!" cried Samson, leaping up; "you de man dat nebber fail!"

"I say dat same ting to you not a moment ago," said Ching-Ching.

"And yet you were gagged," remarked Harry.

Ching-Ching was quite equal to the emergency.

"I just touch him lilly finger, and tell him wif de dumb alfabet. Sammy know dat."

Samson did not know it, as his face plainly declared, but his motto was "Never betray a friend," and he remained silent.

"Now, my friend," said Harry to the keeper, "you must be trussed. No resistance, please. You do not know whom you are trifling with."

The man looked at his handsome face, set with determination, and bowed his head.

"I've got a wife and children," he muttered, "or I would not stand this."

And then they bound and gagged him.

Samson and Ching-Ching were hungry and faint, but they never named it until the back journey was performed and they were safe on board the Belvedere.

By the shore they had halted for a moment to secure their garments, which they had left in the cannon, and these they put on with all speed.

"Noting like de ole ting, Sammy," said Ching-Ching.

"Noting," replied Samson.

"And now for sumfin to eat."

Daylight was just breaking, and they partook of their meal upon the deck, surrounded by admiring friends, who asked a question now and then, but only got the shortest of answers.

"Let them be," said Tom, "and when we get more out to sea Ching-Ching shall tell the whole story."

"Dat so," said Ching-Ching.

Harry, who had been below to examine the charts, now returned to the deck and gave orders for the anchor to be weighed.

In a quarter of an hour the Belvedere was on its road to Russia.

"How do you do, Massa Grunt?" said Ching-Ching, saluting the boatswain, who was moodily reflecting upon the difficulties of getting rid of troublesome companions; "so bery pleasant for all ole friends to be togedder again."

"Maybe it is," growled Bill; "similarly maybe it isn't."

"I nebber come back to dis ship no more," said Ching-Ching, "only for de pleasure ob seeing you, Massa Grunt."

"Avast!" cried Bill, as if he would endure no more; "avast! belay there! You needn't palaver me; I knows you."

"Surely, Massa Grunt, I been here long enough for dat?" insinuated Ching-Ching.

"Maybe you've been here too long," muttered Bill, "but long or short, you keep to your place and I'll keep to mine."

"Dat de bery fust tought ob mine," said Ching-Ching; "and here Massa Cutten wif de new wooden leg."

It will be remembered that Cutten had lost his old leg in a fight, and in consequence he had been going about in what Bill called "a jury mast."

The stay of the Belvedere in England had enabled him to get a new article of first-rate workmanship.

"Dat a bery lubly leg," continued Ching-Ching; "fit to a hair. Ah! dat much more lubly leg dan de oder one."

Ching-Ching looked at his natural leg as he spoke, and Cutten was huffed in a moment.

"I don't want to talk to you," he said.

"You not want to be friends?" sighed Ching-Ching softly. "It bery bad to be enemies."

"I don't care, I don't want to have anything to say to you."

This settled the point, and Ching-Ching, with the air of a martyr, turned away mournfully.

"Bery good," he said, "berly good. P'r'aps you be sorry for dis some day."

CHAPTER XIII. 70

CHING-CHING'S STORY.

On the evening of the second day at sea Tom True resolved to take advantage of charming weather to hear Ching-Ching's story.

The breeze was fresh and steady, the sea was only just rough enough to be agreeable, and the sky was cloudless. All things fitting for a story.

So the word went forth, and the men assembled aft, forming a semicircle facing the officers.

Harry leaned carelessly against the binnacle, and Tom True and Ira Staines lounged in easy-chairs.

Witta sat behind them.

To do honor to the occasion, Ching-Ching gave them the inside of his apparel, with its mysterious cut figures printed upon it, and put his umbrella up to keep off an imaginary sun, that luminary having set half an hour before.

Ching-Ching stood erect, and Samson, with his legs tucked under him, sat at his feet.

"Ladies and genlymen," began Ching-Ching.

"Stop a minute," whispered Tom True; "before you begin let me ask you to try for once in your life to stick to facts. Your usual narratives, however edifying, are rather trying to our credulity."

"Massa Tom," said Ching-Ching, aggrieved, "how can you tink dat I nebber tell de trufe? Sammy know dat dis story which I'm goin' to tell am all trufe from one end to de oder."

As Samson had but a dim idea of the intention of his friend, this question was open to some doubt, but Tom did not question it.

"Go on," he said.

"Ladies and genlymen," began Ching-Ching again, "I rise to do a great pleasure to myself and Sammy, who hab had a bery rough time ob it and got ourselves into bery many pickles. Many years ago, long fore any ob you was born, 'cept Ole Grunt, who was found on de top ob de mountain arter

de Ark gone away, and so he must be a chile ob Noah, who wouldn't hab him at no price, and so let him to starve——"

"Can't you let me alone, now?" demanded Bill.

"Stick to your story, Ching-Ching," said Tom.

"I do, Massa Tom," replied the narrator, "but everybody seems to cut in and spile it."

"Many years ago——"

"You said that afore," growled Cutten.

"Order!" cried the men—"turn him out!" and Cutten collapsed.

"Many years ago," said Ching-Ching, for the third time, "there was a genlyman born wif a golden spoon in him mouf, and patent-leather boots on him feet, and he had ten nurses allers ready for him, and all him little knobby parts was padded wif wool, so dat he not be hurt if dey let him drop—all de luxuries ob de land was in de room, and dere was nuffin dat he cried for dat he didn't get—'cept de moon; dat was whar his moder draw de line and tell him must wait till he grow up."

"Who was it?" asked Ira; "had he anything to do with the story?"

"Top a minute," said Ching-Ching, waving his hand; "dis happy genlyman so berry cleber dat afore he ten weeks old he run alone, and when he get to six months he run away from home."

"Oh, yes, that'll do," exclaimed half a dozen voices.

"I knew dey would not believe us, Sammy," said Ching-Ching, calmly including his friend as co-narrator; "how can you speck it ob sech ignorant people? I say no more."

"Oh, go on," cried a host of men in chorus.

"Bery well," said Ching-Ching cheerfully; "I will. Dis cleber chile run away, as I tell you, and lib in a wood until he old enough to spouse the daughter of a nobleman dat lib in a castle close by. Massa Tom, I not be able to get on wif my story without a lilly drink."

"We all want something to wash it down," said Tom. "One of you go into the cabin and bring him the black bottle you see upon the table."

"And den I go for to see what am inside it," said Ching-Ching.

The bottle was brought, and he took a sip. He seemed to be much refreshed thereby, and proceeded:

"De wedding created great 'citement in de neighborhood, and de wedding-cake was so big dat dey oblige to take out de front part of de house to get into de room, and de bridegroom had to go up to top bn a ladder and cut him up wif a hand-saw. All de people"—here Ching-Ching took another sip—"shouted, and de remperor rising, took off him top-knot and waved it like a lilly flag." Here he took another sip and smiled affably.

He swayed a little, and a suspicion flashed across Tom's mind. Could it be possible that Ching-Ching had been moistening his clay previous to his beginning the story? Samson's face shone, even in the dim light, and bore indications of good cheer, too. However, it was merely a suspicion, and Tom resolved to let the story go on for the present.

"Ladies and genlymen," said Ching-Ching, after a minute's pause occupied by him in affectionately polishing the neck of the bottle with his coat-sleeve, "dere are some ewents in de life ob my hero which I'm sworn to keep, and so I skip five chappers, and come to de time when his moder died."

This startling announcement caused a murmur of surprise, but it quickly subsided, and Ching-Ching went on:

"Dat unfortunate woman had seen berrer times—Sammy 'members dem times, altho' he not care to talk 'bout 'em. Dere was hap-peress and peace, and she had no oder care dan dat which come ob her lilly boy"—another sip at the bottle and a slight staggering movement backward—"de lilly boy dat figure so promerently in de story. De poor moder had known sorrow, for afore she cut all her teeth her farder was run ober by a cart and had his head ampletated."

Ching-Ching rested again and took another sip.

Tom gave him a hint—"If you take too much of that," he said, "you will never finish your story."

"I finish him right nuff," said Ching-Ching, confidently. "De man dat own dat cart——"

"Never mind him," cried a dozen voices.

"But I muss mind him," said Ching-Ching, "for he figure promerently in my story. De man dat own dat cart once bought a horse ob my cousin—warrant quiet, and for a lady to ride. He put him wife on it, let out behind, and shot her troo de winder ob a penny ice-shop. Dat horse——"

"Oh, come, Ching-Ching," said Tom; "we must have your story."

"Massa Tom, what am you getting?" asked Ching-Ching.

"A sort of hodge-podge of all sorts of people," replied Tom, "who can have nothing to do with your adventures in London or elsewhere."

"Sammy, you hear dat," cried Ching-Ching, as if a very gross specimen of ignorance had suddenly come under his notice; "you hear dat?"

"Me hear dat," said Sammy, simply.

"Den why you not stand up and give con-flanatory ebidence?" demanded Ching-Ching wrathfully.

"Hi! it's all right, Ching-Ching," said Ira. "Go on."

The indignant narrator wetted his whistle once more before he proceeded, and then he appeared to be speaking under protest.

"She wore sky-blue bonnet," he said, "and was dat lubly dat when you looked at her you bound to gib a kind o' squirm."

"Who's on the board now?" whispered Bill Grunt.

"Nobody dat casts half an eye on your old carcass," said Ching-Ching, quickly catching his words. "But she was de fairy ob de fair, and when her broder came back from sea, wif one boot and half a pocket-comb, she fell on him neck and wep. De neighbors say dat it a most affecting scene. But stop a minit, me not on de right track. I got all de karakers mix up. Massa Tom, may I go forrard and reflec' a lilly bit?"

"By all means," replied Tom.

"I soon get de story straight," said Ching-Ching, going forward, and taking a seat against the foremast,

He sat quietly for some time, and was evidently reflecting very deeply.

The sailors neither spoke nor stirred, lest they should disturb his meditations.

Five minutes passed.

"He's a long time thinking," said Ira.

"The story is a little complicated," said Tom, "and requires unraveling."

Full five minutes elapsed, and signs of impatience became apparent.

"I'll go forward and help him," said Tom.

The men made way for him, and he crossed over to where Ching-Ching was sitting in a state of helpless intoxication, with his back against the mast.

"Ching-Ching," he said.

No answer.

He touched him, and a deep snore emanated from our friend.

Ching-Ching was fast asleep.

"We shall not get the story to-night," said Tom.

He was right.

No story was told that night, nor on the next, nor the next; but whether it was ever told our readers will learn anon.

Gayly the Belvedere sped on her way until Cronstadt appeared in view.

There a government cutter stopped them, and an officer appeared on board.

Harry showed his papers and all was well.

Within twenty-four hours he was anchored in the Neva.

[THE END.]

The next number (7) will contain the interesting, exciting story entitled: "HANDSOME HARRY IN RUSSIA; or, OUT IN THE WASTES." By the author of "HANDSOME HARRY."

What Do You Want To Know?

THESE BOOKS GIVE YOU INFORMATION ON EVERY SUBJECT.

They are Handy in Size, Low in Price, and Absolutely Correct in Their Treatment of Every Subject; In Fact They are a Condensed Encyclopædia, and Worth Double the Price We Ask for Them.

PRICE 10 CENTS EACH, OR THREE FOR 25 CENTS.

NO. 20. HOW TO ENTERTAIN AN EVENING PARTY.—A very valuable little book just published. A complete compendium of games, sports, card diversions, comic recreations, etc., suitable for parlor or drawing-room entertainment. It contains more for the money than any book published. Price 10 cents. Address Frank Tousey, publisher, 29 West 26th Street, New York.

NO. 21. HOW TO HUNT AND FISH.—The most complete hunting and fishing guide ever published. It contains full instructions about guns, hunting dogs, traps, trapping and fishing, together with descriptions of game and fish. Price 10 cents. Address Frank Tousey, publisher, 29 West 26th Street, New York.

NO. 22. HOW TO DO SECOND SIGHT.—Heller's second sight explained by his former assistant, Fred Hunt, Jr. Explaining how the secret dialogues were car-

ried on between the magician and the boy on the stage; also giving all the codes and signals. The only authentic explanation of second sight. Price 10 cents. Address Frank Tousey, publisher, 29 West 26th Street, New York.

NO. 23. HOW TO EXPLAIN DREAMS.—Everybody dreams, from the little child to the aged man and woman. This little book gives the explanation to all kinds of dreams, together with lucky and unlucky days, and "Napoleon's Oraculum," the book of fate. Price 10 cents. Address Frank Tousey, publisher, 29 West 26th Street, New York.

NO. 24. HOW TO WRITE LETTERS TO GENTLEMEN.—Containing full directions for writing to gentlemen on all subjects; also giving sample letters for instruction. Price 10 cents. Address Frank Tousey, publisher, 29 West 26th Street, New York.

FRANK TOUSEY'S TEN CENT HAND BOOKS—Continued.

No. 59. How to Make a Magic Lantern.—Containing a description of the lantern, together with its history and invention. Also full directions for its use and for painting slides. Handsomely illustrated, by John Allen. Price 10 cents. For sale by all newsdealers in the United States and Canada, or will be sent to your address, post-paid, on receipt of price. Address Frank Tousey, publisher, 29 West 26th Street, New York.

No. 60. How to Become a Photographer.—Containing useful information regarding the Camera and how to work it; also how to make photographic Magic Lantern Slides and other Transparencies. Handsomely illustrated. By Captain W. De W. Abney. Price 10 cents. For sale at all news-stands, or sent, post paid, on receipt of price. Address Frank Tousey, publisher, 29 West 26th Street, New York.

No. 61. How to Become a Bowler.—A complete manual of bowling. Containing full instructions for playing all the standard American and German games; together with rules and systems of sporting in use by the principal bowling clubs in the United States. By Bartholomew Batterson. Price 10 cents. For sale by all newsdealers in the United States and Canada, or sent to your address, postage free, on receipt of the price. Address Frank Tousey, publisher, 29 West 26th Street, New York.

No. 62. How to Become a West Point Military Cadet.—Containing full explanations how to gain admittance, course of Study, Examinations, Duties, Staff of Officers, Post Guard, Police Regulations, Fire Department, and all a boy should know to be a Cadet. Compiled and written by Lu Senarens, Author of "How to Become a Naval Cadet." Price 10 cents. For sale by every newsdealer in the United States and Canada, or will be sent to your address, post-paid, on receipt of the price. Address Frank Tousey, publisher, 29 West 26th Street, New York.

No. 63. How to Become a Naval Cadet.—Complete instructions of how to gain admission to the Annapolis Naval Academy. Also containing the course of instructions, descriptions of grounds and buildings, historical sketch, and everything a boy should know to become an officer in the United States Navy. Compiled and written by Lu Senarens, Author of "How to Become a West Point Military Cadet." Price 10 cents. For sale by every newsdealer in the United States and Canada, or will be sent to your address, post-paid, on receipt of the price. Address Frank Tousey, publisher, 29 West 26th Street, New York.

No. 64. How to Make Electrical Machines.—Containing full directions for making electrical machines, induction coils, dynamos, and many novel toys to be worked by electricity. By R. A. R. Bennett. Fully illustrated. Price 10 cents. For sale by all newsdealers in the United States and Canada, or will be sent to your address, post-paid, on receipt of price. Address Frank Tousey, publisher, 29 West 26th Street, New York.

No. 65. Muldoon's Jokes.—This is one of the most original joke books ever published, and it is brimful of wit and humor. It contains a large collection of songs, jokes, conundrums, etc., of Terrence Muldoon, the great wit, humorist, and practical joker of the day. We offer this amusing book, together with the picture of "Muldoon," for the small sum of 10 cents. Every boy who can enjoy a good substantial joke should obtain a copy immediately. Address Frank Tousey, publisher, 29 West 26th Street, New York.

No. 66. How to Do Puzzles.—Containing over 300 interesting puzzles and conundrums, with key to same. A complete book. Fully illustrated. By A. Anderson. Price 10 cents. Address Frank Tousey, publisher, 29 West 26th Street, New York.

No. 67. How to Do Electrical Tricks.—Containing a large collection of instructive and highly amusing electrical tricks, together with illustrations. By A. Anderson. Price 10 cents. Address Frank Tousey, publisher, 29 West 26th Street, New York.

No. 68. How to Do Chemical Tricks.—Containing over one hundred highly amusing and instructive tricks with chemicals. By A. Anderson. Handsomely illustrated. Price 10 cents. Address Frank Tousey, publisher, 29 West 26th Street, New York.

No. 69. How to Do Sleight of Hand.—Containing over fifty of the latest and best tricks used by magicians. Also containing the secret of second sight. Fully illustrated. By A. Anderson. Price 10 cents. Address Frank Tousey, publisher, 29 West 26th Street, New York.

No. 70. How to Make Magic Toys.—Containing full directions for making Magic Toys and devices of many kinds. By A. Anderson. Fully illustrated. Price 10 cents. Address Frank Tousey, publisher, 29 West 26th Street, New York.

No. 71. How to Do Mechanical Tricks.—Containing complete instructions for performing over sixty Mechanical Tricks. By A. Anderson. Fully illustrated. Price 10 cents. Address Frank Tousey, publisher, 29 West 26th Street, New York.

No. 72. How to Do Sixty Tricks With Cards.—Embracing all of the latest and most deceptive card tricks, with illustrations. By A. Anderson. Price 10 cents. Address Frank Tousey, publisher, 29 West 26th Street, New York.

No. 73. How to Do Tricks With Numbers.—Showing many curious tricks with figures and the magic of numbers. By A. Anderson. Fully illustrated. Price 10 cents. Address Frank Tousey, publisher, 29 West 26th Street, New York.

No. 74. How to Write Letters Correctly.—Containing full instructions for writing letters on almost any subject; also rules for punctuation and composition; together with specimen letters. Price 10 cents. Address Frank Tousey, publisher, 29 West 26th Street, New York.

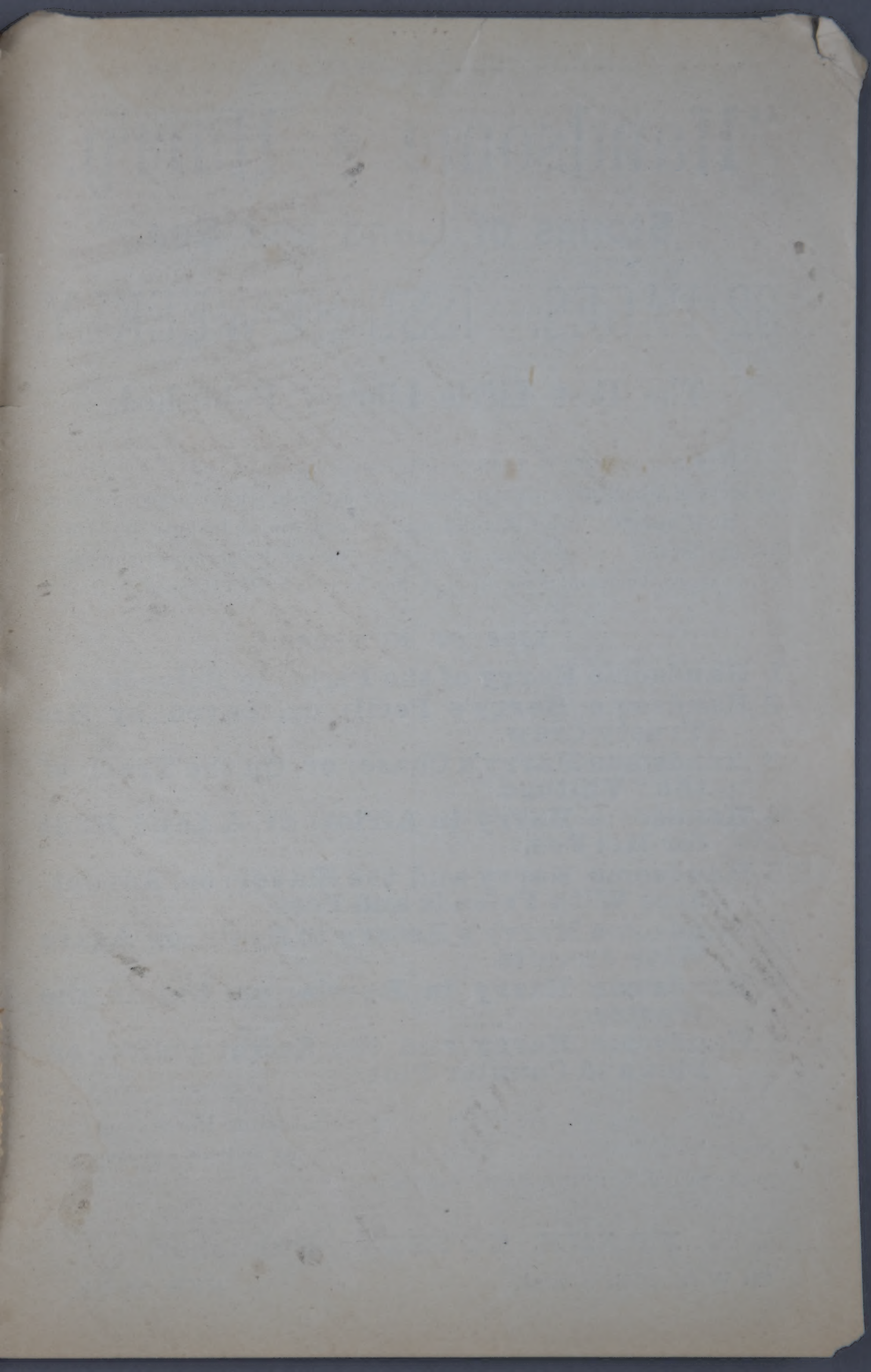
No. 75. How to Become a Conjurer.—Containing tricks with Dominoes, Dice, Cups and Balls, Hats, etc. Embracing 36 illustrations. By A. Anderson. Price 10 cents. Address Frank Tousey, publisher, 29 West 26th Street, New York.

No. 76. How to Tell Fortunes by the Hand.—Containing rules for telling fortunes by the aid of the lines of the hand, or the secret of palmistry. Also the secret of telling future events by aid of moles, marks, scars, etc. Illustrated. By A. Anderson. Price 10 cents. Address Frank Tousey, publisher, 29 West 26th Street, New York.

No. 77. How to Do 40 Tricks With Cards.—Containing deceptive Card Tricks as performed by leading conjurers and magicians. Arranged for home amusement. Fully illustrated. Price 10 cents. Address Frank Tousey, publisher, 29 West 26th Street, New York.

No. 78. How to Do the Black Art.—Containing a complete description of the mysteries of Magic and Sleight-of-Hand, together with many wonderful experiments. By A. Anderson. Illustrated. Price 10 cents. Address Frank Tousey, publisher, 29 West 26th Street, New York.

No. 79. How to Become an Actor.—Containing complete instructions how to make up for various characters on the stage; together with the duties of the Stage Manager, Prompter, Scenic Artist and Property Man. By a prominent Stage Manager. Price 10 cents. Address Frank Tousey, publisher, 29 West 26th Street, New York.



"Handsome * Harry."

Stories of Land and Sea.

32 PAGES. ISSUED WEEKLY.

The Best Little Library Published.

Handsome Harry is a brave, fearless young man, who goes through all sorts of adventures while in pursuit of a villain who has wronged him.

He is assisted in his search by Tom True, his lieutenant; Bill Grunt, his boatswain; Ching-Ching, a faithful Chinese friend, and Sampson, a giant negro, who would go through fire and water for Handsome Harry.

LIST OF NUMBERS:

- 1 Handsome Harry of the Fighting Belvedere.**
- 2 Handsome Harry's Peril; or, Saved by His Trusty Crew.**
- 3 Handsome Harry's Chase; or, On the Track of the "Vulture."**
- 4 Handsome Harry in Africa; or, A Land Hunt for His Foe.**
- 5 Handsome Harry and the Slaver; or, Adventures With Friends and Foes.**
- 6 Handsome Harry's Return to Spain; or, Again With Juanita.**
- 7 Handsome Harry in Russia; or, Out in the Wastes.**
- 8 Handsome Harry and the Secret Police; or, Plot and Counter Plot.**

If you cannot procure any numbers of Handsome Harry from your newsdealer send the price, 5 cents per copy, to us and we will send any copies ordered by return mail. Address

FRANK TOUSEY, Publisher,

29 West 26th Street,

NEW YORK.